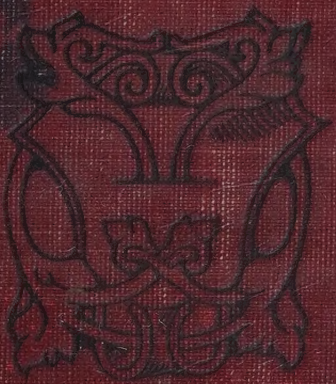
STUDIES IN READING

SEARSON & MARTIN

FOURTH GRADE



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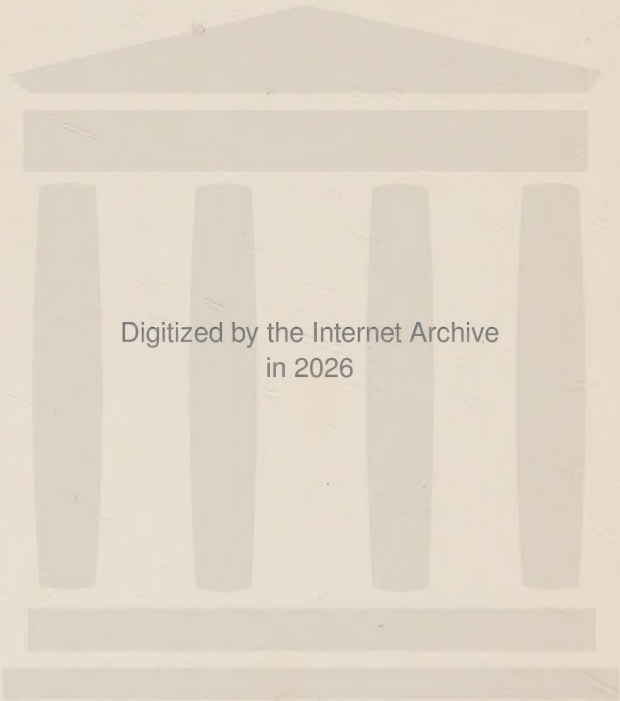

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STUDIES IN READING

FOURTH GRADE

BY

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PREFACE

READING with appreciation is a fine art. As soon as children can read well the simplest sentences and easiest stories, they are entitled to the best. Children love those stories which they have heard their mothers or fathers tell or read. They also love to read charming new stories. This volume contains a choice collection of prose and poetry selections adapted to the needs of pupils who are familiar with the elementary mechanics of reading. These selections offer pupils an opportunity to perfect themselves in the mechanics of reading while acquiring a taste for the best in child reading and literature.

The pupil should study his reading lesson with relish. The brief, simple introduction to each lesson leads him to approach the study intelligently. The notes, drills, and exercises outline for him a definite program of work. This program should be varied as the needs of the pupil and the judgment of the teacher dictate. The additional readings suggest a wider field from which the teacher and her pupils may obtain material to broaden and deepen the impressions gained from the study of each single selection.

Special emphasis should be placed upon correct pronunciation, distinct enunciation, perfect articulation, and the correct use of words in sentences of the pupils' making. Diacritical markings should be used to show the correct pronunciation of words on the board, in the reader, or in the dictionary. Diacritical marking of difficult words, articulation drills taken from the poem or story read, and simple directions for relating the study of reading vitally to the life of the pupil, are given with each selection.

The authors desire to acknowledge their indebtedness to the intermediate and rural school teachers who have proved the worth of these studies in schoolroom practice. Especial thanks are due to Lucy Williams Tinley of Council Bluffs, Iowa; to Superintendent A. H. Waterhouse of the Public Schools of Fremont, Nebraska; to Superintendent H. B. Wilson of the Public Schools of Topeka, Kansas; to E. L. Holton, Professor of Sociology and Rural Education in the Kansas State Agricultural College, for practical suggestions and helpful criticisms; and to former State Superintendent W. K. Fowler of Nebraska, for expert care, criticism, and corrections in the preparation of this volume.

J. W. Searson.
G. E. Martin.

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NOTES

1. The first truly American flag was provided for in a resolution adopted by the American Congress, June 14, 1777. The first official flag under this resolution was made by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross of Philadelphia at the request of a committee of Congress accompanied by General Washington. June fourteenth is now set aside as Flag Day.
2. In how many ways have you known men and women to show respect for the flag?
3. Drill on the flag salute:
   I give my head and my heart to my country;
   One country, one language, one flag.
4. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: hue (hū), grănd, prettiest (prĭt′ĭ-ĕst), glō′rĭ-ous (ŭs), ēve′nĭng, shīn′ĭng, through (thrū), flēēc′y, rainbow (rān′bō), strīpes, hûr-räh′.
   Example: Flowers of every tint, or *hue*, grew in the meadow.
5. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) There are many flags in many lands.
   (*b*) I could make a flag of glorious "Red, White, and Blue."
   (*c*) I would cut a piece from an evening sky.
   (*d*) Then I'd want a part of a fleecy cloud,
   And some red from a rainbow bright.
   (*e*) We mean to be ever true to this land of ours.

EXERCISES

1. Who was the maker of our first flag?
2. How does our flag compare with the flags of other lands?
3. Where would the poet get the blue for the flag?
4. Where would she get the white?

5. Where would she get the red?
6. Why does she not make the flag as she plans it?
7. What is the connection between the flag and our country?
8. Why does the poet exclaim, "Then hurrah for the flag!"?
9. How may each one be true to his flag?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BENNETT: The Flag Goes By.
DRAKE: The American Flag.
NESBIT: A Song for Flag Day.
KEY: The Star-Spangled Banner.
RILEY: The Name of Old Glory.
SANGSTER: A Song for Our Flag.
WILDER: Stand by the Flag!
MACY: The Flag.
STANTON: The Old Flag Forever.
IRVING: Betsy's Battle Flag.

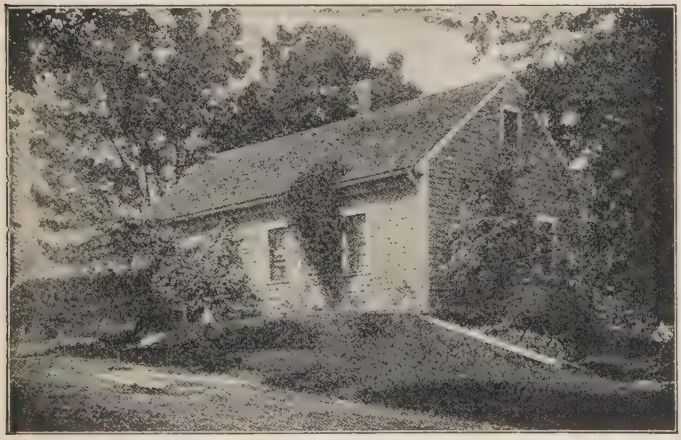
I LIVE FOR THOSE WHO LOVE ME

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heavens that bend above me
And the good that I can do;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that lack resistance,
For the future in the distance
And the good that I can do.

— *G. Linnæus Banks.*

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

"MARY'S LAMB" was a real lamb and "Mary" was a real little girl. Her name was Mary Sawyer. She lived on a farm near Sterling, Massachusetts, over a hundred years ago. Her father gave her one of the weakest little lambs of the flock, and she cared



THE SAWYER HOME, STERLING, MASS.

for it tenderly until it grew strong. The lamb became her pet and playmate. One day her mischievous brother, Nate, seeing the lamb following them to school, asked Mary to let the little pet go with them. Nate wrapped the

lamb in a coat and put it under Mary's seat. When Mary was called to the teacher's desk, the lamb followed. Of course the boys and girls and their teacher, Miss Kimball, all had a good laugh. Poor Mary blushed and trembled. The poor little lamb was taken to the woodshed.

A visitor, Mr. John Roulstone, who happened to be there that morning, saw the funny side of it all and wrote the lines of the first three stanzas. The poem in its completed form first appeared in 1829 in a book of verses for children by Mrs. Sarah Joseph.

The fleece of the lamb was later used to make stockings for Mary. Years afterward these stockings were unraveled and the yarn fastened in small bits on cards bearing Mary's signature. These cards were sold by the women of Boston to help raise funds for repairing the Old South Church which was partly ruined by British soldiers during the Revolutionary War. This is the poem as it has come down to us.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB*

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

*There are other interesting versions of how this poem originated.

It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see the lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out;
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

And then it ran to her, and laid
Its head upon her arm
As if to say, "I'm not afraid —
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

And you, each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will,
If you are only kind.

— *John Roulstone*

NOTES

1. The old schoolhouse still stands near the Sawyer homestead at Sterling, Massachusetts. In 1888, a new schoolhouse was built across the road, but the old schoolhouse was preserved.

2. Tell of incidents you know in which children have shown kindness to animals.
3. Let each pupil tell of his pets.
4. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: Mā′rў, lamb (lăm), fleece (flēs), everywhere (ĕv′ĕr-ĭ-hwâr′), followed (fŏl′ōd), against (ȧ-gĕnst′), lingered (lĭn′gērd), patiently (pā′shĕnt-lĭ), eager (ē′gēr), rê-plў′, cŏn′fĭ-dĕnce, bīnd.
5. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) Mary had a little lamb.
   (*b*) It made the children laugh and play.
   (*c*) But still it lingered near,
   And waited patiently about.
   (*d*) You'll keep me from all harm.

EXERCISES

1. Tell the story of Mary Sawyer.
2. How did this poem first come to be written?
3. Why did the lamb follow Mary?
4. How did it come to be in school?
5. What showed the lamb's love for Mary?
6. What made this pet love Mary?
7. How can one easily make friends with animals?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Wordsworth: The Pet Lamb.
Thaxter: Little Gustava.
Westwood: Little Bell.
Cary: A Lesson of Mercy.
Sewell: Black Beauty.
Saunders: Beautiful Joe.

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

THIS is a real adventure story. Peter, one of four little rabbits, did not do what his mother told him to do, and he got into trouble. This story tells how he ran away and just what happened to him. Bad scares and narrow escapes in which he lost his fine clothes and almost lost his life, are here told of poor little Peter.

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

Once upon a time there were four little rabbits. Their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter. They lived with their mother in a sand bank, underneath the root of a very big fir-tree.

"Now, my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden. Your father had an accident there; he was put into a pie by Mrs. McGregor.

"Run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the

baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail were good little bunnies. They went down the lane to gather blackberries. Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate.

First he ate some lettuce and some French beans. Then he ate some radishes; and then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

Round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees, near the cabbages. He jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop, thief!"

Peter was frightened. He rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other among the potatoes.

I think he might have escaped if he had not run into a gooseberry net and been caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears. His sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows. They flew to him in great excitement, and begged him to do something.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve. He tried to put it on top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time. He left his jacket behind him, rushed into the tool shed, and jumped into a watering can. It would have been a good can to hide in if there had not been so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Presently Peter sneezed — "Kertzschoo!"

Mr. McGregor was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon him. Peter jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath, and trembling with fright. He was very damp with sitting in that can, and he had not the least idea which way to go.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity-lippity — not very fast, and looking all around.

He found a door in a wall, but it was locked. There was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorsteps, carrying peas and beans to

her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate. She had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

He tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water cans. A white cat was staring at some goldfish. She sat very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive.

Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her. He had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back toward the tool shed. Suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe — scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch.

Peter crouched underneath the bushes. As nothing happened, he came out, climbed upon a wheelbarrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor, hoeing onions. His back was turned toward Peter. Beyond him was the gate.

Peter got down off the wheelbarrow very quietly. He started running as fast as he could along a straight walk behind some black currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped

underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him until he got home to the big fir-tree.

He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking. She wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost.

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.

His mother put him to bed. She made some bitter tea, and she gave a dose of it to Peter.

"One tablespoonful to be taken at bedtime."

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.—*Beatrix Potter.*

NOTES

1. Have the children bring from home a Peter Rabbit book with pictures.
2. Tell of mischief you have known rabbits to do in the garden.
3. *Flopsy, Mopsy.* Pronounced *flŏp'sĭ, mŏp'sĭ.*
4. *Lĭpp'ĭ-tў–lĭpp'ĭ-tў.* Words imitating the short, slow gallop of the rabbit when he hops over grass and bushes.

5. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: underneath (ŭn′dēr-nēth), McGregor's (mȧ-grĕg′ẽrz), accident (ăk′sĭ-dĕnt), umbrella (ŭm-brĕl′ȧ), currant (kŭr′ănt), bunnies (bŭn′ĭz), straight (strāt), squeezed (skwēzd), lettuce (lĕt′ĭs), răd′ĭsh-ĕs, parsley (pärs′lĭ), cucumber (kū′kŭm-bēr), cabbages (kăb′ȧj-ĕz), frightened (frīt′ 'nd), escaped (ĕs-kāpt′), excitement (ĕk-sīt′mĕnt), sieve (sĭv), wriggled (rĭg′ 'ld), trĕm′blĭng, twitched (twĭcht), crouched (kroucht).
6. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) Don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden.
   (*b*) Round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor.
   (*c*) It was a blue jacket with brass buttons.
   (*d*) He was out of breath, and trembling with fright.
   (*e*) Peter got down off the wheelbarrow very quietly.

EXERCISES

1. Who was Peter Rabbit?
2. Why did not Mrs. Rabbit want her children to go into the garden?
3. What tells you the kind of rabbit Peter was?
4. What was his first narrow escape?
5. Tell of Peter's narrow escape from the tool shed.
6. Tell of Peter's trouble to find the gate.
7. Why did he not speak to the cat watching the gold-fish?
8. How did he get out of the garden at last?
9. What became of his little jacket and shoes?
10. What happened to Peter when he reached home?

11. What happened to the little rabbits who did what their mother told them?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BUMSTEAD: The Quest.
NOYES: Pirates.
GRIMM: The Four Musicians.
ÆSOP: The Lion and the Mouse. Belling the Cat.
CARY: The Three Bugs.
ANDERSEN: The Ugly Duckling.
ABBOTT: The Code Barbarian.

THE LITTLE PLANT *

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep!
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep!

"Wake!" said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light!"
"Wake!" said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard,
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

— *Kate Louise Brown.*

* From *The Plant Baby and Its Friends*, published by Silver, Burdett and Company, and used by the special permission of the author.

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW

SOME one has said, "Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into." What joy we have had picking the first violets! We have hunted through the woods and in the meadows for the springtime flowers. Here is one who, like ourselves, loved to watch the flowers grow. In this poem, the brief life story of every flower is given by one who learned it from the flowers themselves.

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW *

This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.

First, above the ground is seen
A tiny blade of purest green,
Reaching up and peeping forth
East and West, and South and North.

Then it shoots up day by day,
Circling in a curious way
Round a blossom, which it keeps
Warm and cosy while it sleeps.

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How the Flowers Grow

Then the sunbeams find their way
To the sleeping bud and say,
"We are children of the sun
Sent to wake thee, little one."

And the leaflet opening wide
Shows the tiny bud inside,
Peeping with half-opened eye
On the bright and sunny sky.

Breezes from the West and South
Lay their kisses on its mouth;
Till the petals all are grown,
And the bud's a flower full-grown.

This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.

— *Gabriel Setoun.*

NOTES

1. Tell of the early wild flowers you know. How many can you name?
2. Tell of flowers you raise in the garden or in flower beds. What are their names? What do you do with them?
3. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: wätch′ed, tī′nў, blāde, pūr′ĕst, reaching (rēch′ĭng), pēēp′ĭng, shōōts, circling (sûr′klĭng), curious (kū′rī′ŭs), cō′sy, blossom (blŏs′ŭm), sŭn′beams (bēms), chĭld′rĕn, o′pĕn ĭng, bŭd, pĕt′ălś.

4. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) This is how the flowers grow.
   (*b*) Circling in a curious way round a blossom.
   (*c*) We are children of the sun sent to wake thee.
   (*d*) And the leaflet opening wide
   Shows the tiny bud inside.
   (*e*) Breezes from the West and South
   Lay their kisses on its mouth.

EXERCISES

1. Why does the poet know how the flowers grow?
2. What part of the flower first appears?
3. How does the blade keep the blossom "warm and cosy"?
4. How does the blossom sleep?
5. What do the sunbeams say to the bud?
6. What then takes place? Explain.
7. What finally makes the bud a full-grown flower?
8. Tell the story of some flower you have watched grow.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

TAYLOR: The Violet.
THOMAS: Talking in Their Sleep.
COOLIDGE: How the Leaves Came Down.
NESBIT: The Song of the Poppy Seed.
WHITTIER: The First Flowers.
SHERMAN: Golden-rod. Leaves at Play.
MACDONALD: Little White Lily.
RYAN: A Flower's Song.
BATES: A Song of Waking.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.
— *Shirley.*

THE LARK AND THE FARMER

IT is no fun to play on a team if one player fails to do his part. The captain soon learns just how much he can depend on each player. In work, as in play, men soon learn who keep promises and do as they agree. Here is the story of a wise lark who taught her little ones a good lesson by having them listen to a farmer who, for a time, depended on his friends and relatives to get his work done. Read the story and see if you can tell what lesson the young larks learned.

THE LARK AND THE FARMER

One summer a lark built her nest in a field of wheat. She laid four speckled eggs in the nest and soon there were four little birds. The mother bird flew off every day to find food for her babies.

One morning she said, "This wheat is ripe, my children. I think the farmer will soon cut it. If he comes to the field to-day, do not forget to tell me all that he says." Then she spread her wings and flew away. While she was gone the farmer and his son came to the field.

"This wheat is ripe," he said. "I shall cut it to-morrow if I can get my friends to help me."

When the lark came home her little ones said, "O mother! mother! the farmer has been here to look at the wheat. He says he will cut it to-morrow if he can get his friends to help him. What shall we do? Must we fly away?"

"Do not be afraid, my children," said the lark. "The farmer's friends will not come to help him. They will have their own work to do. If he depends on his friends, I am sure the wheat will not be reaped to-morrow. We are safe for a while."

The next morning the farmer came again to the field.

"My friends did not come," he said to his son. "Now go at once to your uncles and cousins and say that I wish them to help us reap."

That night the little larks in great fright told their mother all they had heard.

"Must we go now?" they asked.

"No," said the mother bird. "Do not be frightened. The farmer's friends did not come to-day. The uncles and cousins will not come to-morrow. We need not fly away yet. But keep your ears open, and let me know what you hear to-morrow."

The next day when the farmer came and found no one to help, he said, "Now, my son, listen to me. Get a couple of good scythes ready, and in the morning we will cut the wheat ourselves."

Again the little larks told their mother all they had heard.

"Then, my dears," said she, "it is indeed time for us to go, for when a man undertakes to do his own work he is not so likely to be disappointed."

She at once removed her young ones, and the wheat was reaped the next day by the old man and his son.— *Æsop.*

NOTES

1. Tell of games you have lost because some one did not do his part.
2. Tell how some persons you know have been disappointed because they depended on others.
3. Tell of how boys and girls and men and women you know are succeeding because they rely upon themselves.
4. Be prepared to pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: spĕck′led ('ld), flew (flo͞o), dē-pĕnds′, uncles (ŭn′k'lz), cousins (kŭz′ 'ns), frīght, frightened (frīt′n'd), to-morrow (to͞o-mŏr′ō), couple (cŭp′p'l), scythes (sīths), ŭn′dĕr-tākes′, dĭs′ăp-point′ed, rē-moved′.
5. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly.

(*a*) He says he will cut it to-morrow if he can get his friends to help him.

(*b*) If he depends on his friends, I am sure the wheat will not be reaped to-morrow.

(*c*) That night the little larks in great fright told their mother all they had heard.

(*d*) "Must we go now?" they asked.

(*e*) Get a couple of good scythes ready, and we will cut the wheat ourselves.

EXERCISES

1. Where had the old lark built her nest?
2. Why did she want to know what the farmer said when she was away?
3. What did the little larks hear the first day?
4. Why did the old lark say "We are safe for a while"?
5. What took place the next day?
6. Why were the little larks so badly frightened?
7. Why was not the mother frightened?
8. What did the little larks hear the next day?
9. Why did the lark now remove her little ones from the field?
10. Tell in your own words what truth this lark had learned about people. What common saying brings out this same truth?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Buried Treasure. The Ant and the Cricket. Belling the Cat.
MACE: The Necklace of Truth.
RICHARDS: The Wheatfield.
WHITTIER: Little Birds.
ABBOTT: Young Barbarians.
ALCOTT: A Little Sermon.
KROUT: Little Brown Hands.
SCUDDER: The Image and the Treasure.

THE LAND OF STORYBOOKS

BOOKS tell us of lands and people we have not known. We like to read fairy tales, stories of adventure, or stories of plants and animals. When Robert Louis Stevenson was a grown man, he wrote poems telling of what he enjoyed as a boy. The kinds of storybooks which pleased him most, and his strange adventures in the land of storybooks, are here told. Every one who has ever enjoyed a storybook will want to read the poem.

THE LAND OF STORYBOOKS*

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,

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And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

And these are hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

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ONE OF US MUST DIE

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Storybooks.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

NOTES

1. Read Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses."
2. Robert Louis Stevenson was born at Edinburgh, November 13, 1850. At the age of thirty-five, he published "A Child's Garden of Verses," a popular book of child poetry. He was a man who never forgot the fun and adventures of childhood, and one who could tell them so as to charm any child.
3. Tell of some of the best stories you have read. Tell of any you acted out after reading them.
4. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: ēve′nĭng, *a*-round′, lămp, pâr′ĕnts, anything (ĕn′ĭ-thĭng), crăwl, fôr′ĕst, spy (spī), hŭnt′ĕr, stär′ry, sŏl′ĭ-tūdes, rōar′ĭng, fīre′lĭt, In′dĭ ăn scout, prowled, băck′ward (wĕrd).
5. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) Around the fire my parents sit.
   (*b*) Now, with my little gun, I crawl
   All in the dark along the wall.
   (*c*) These are my starry solitudes.
   (*d*) I see the others far away
   As if in firelit camp they lay.
   (*e*) Home I return across the sea.

EXERCISES

1. Why does the child say his parents do not play at anything?
2. Where is this child's land of storybooks?
3. How does he "play at books" he has read?
4. What does he play is in that land?
5. What other persons are in that land?
6. To what does he liken himself?
7. When the nurse comes, how does he "return across the sea"?
8. Why does he go to bed with backward looks?
9. What is the land of storybooks?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

STEVENSON: Picture Books in Winter. The Land of Nod. The Land of Counterpane. The Lamplighter.
ANDERSEN: A Picture Book Without Pictures.
GRIMM BROTHERS: Fairy Stories.
NOYES: Pirates.
ALCOTT: Little Men. Little Women.
RICHARDS: Captain January. Child's Play.
SHERMAN: The Shadows.

VIOLETS

Violets! deep blue violets!
April's loveliest coronets!
There are no flowers grow in the vale,
Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale,
None by the dew of twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep blue violet.

— *L. E. Landon.*

SEPTEMBER

"SCHOOL BEGINS" is only one of the signs of September. To the child who lives in the open country there are many other signs of this month, part summer, part autumn. If you live in the country, or if you have walked or driven through the country about the time of the first frosts, you can easily see in imagination the beautiful pictures hinted at in this country poem. Helen Hunt Jackson, lover of nature and out-of-doors, has here told us, from the standpoint of country life, some of the things for which September is chiefly remembered.

SEPTEMBER *

The goldenrod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

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The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow-nook;
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

NOTES

1. Find as many other poems on September as you can. What are the favorite sports for this month?
2. Helen Hunt Jackson spent much of her time in travel out-of-doors amid the beautiful scenes of mountain, plain, and woodland. Her last days were spent in the Colorado Rockies, one of her favorite haunts being Cheyenne Cañon near Colorado Springs.
3. *Gentian.* Pronounced *jĕn'shăn.* A beautiful blue flower blooming in autumn and found abundantly in temperate and mountain regions.
4. *Sedges.* Pronounced *sĕj'ĕs.* Grass-like herbs growing in meadows or marshy places.
5. Be prepared to pronounce, give meanings of, and use in sentences: gōld'ĕn-rŏd, orchards (ôr'chĕrdz), fringes (frĭnj'ĕs), meadow-nook (mĕd'ō), flaunt

(flänt), ăs′tērs, odors (ō dērz), flŭt′tēr, tō′kĕns, dŭsk′ў, dewy (dū′ĭ).

Example: He picked the yellow *goldenrod* from the roadside.

6. Articulation drill. Read slowly, articulating each word distinctly:
   (*a*) The gentian's bluest fringes.
   (*b*) The sedges flaunt their harvest.
   (*c*) The goldenrod is yellow,
   The corn is turning brown.

EXERCISES

1. What to you makes September different from the other months?
2. What pictures are here given as signs of September?
3. What colors in nature are here pictured to us?
4. Explain "curling in the sun."
5. What is the meaning of "hidden silk"?
6. Explain how sedges "flaunt their harvest."
7. How do "asters by the brookside make asters in the brook"?
8. Why are all these signs called "lovely tokens"?
9. Give as many signs of September as you can.
10. What of summer and of autumn are found in the month of September?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

SHERMAN: September. The Goldenrod.
SPENSER: Autumn.
GILDER: A Song of Early Autumn.
THOMAS: Autumn Fashions. September.
GEORGE ARNOLD: Sweet September. September.
ALDRICH: Maple Leaves.
BRYANT: The Death of the Flowers. To the Fringed Gentian.
JACKSON: A Wild Rose in September.
ALICE CARY: Faded Leaves.

A GRIZZLY'S SLY LITTLE JOKE

MOST of us would not think it fun to have a bear play a joke on us. Many animals are playful, but we don't usually like to play with bears. Here is a story of an Indian who was glad a bear played with him instead of eating him.

A GRIZZLY'S SLY LITTLE JOKE*

I know an old Indian that was terribly frightened by a huge old grizzly and her half-grown cub. It was in the autumn, and he was out gathering berries.

It seems that while the Indian had his head raised, and was busy gathering and eating berries, he almost stumbled over an old bear and her cub. They had eaten their fill and fallen asleep in the path on the wooded hillside.

The old Indian had only time to turn on his heel, and throw himself headlong into the large end of a hollow log, which lay near.

To his great joy, the log was open at the other end. So he cork-screwed his way along toward the farther end. There he was just

* From Joaquin Miller's "True Bear Stories," copyrighted by Rand, McNally & Company.

about to come out, when he saw the old mother bear sitting at that end waiting for him.

After he had his breath again, he worked himself back to the place where he had gone in. But lo! the bear was there, sitting down, half smiling, and waiting to receive him warmly.

The old Indian said that this was done time after time. At last he had no strength left to move again, and turned on his face to die.

The bear put her head in, and touched his head gently with her nose. She then drew back, took her cub with her, and walked away.

The bear could have gone into the hollow log, and have killed the Indian at any time. When you know this, you will see that she must have been in play.

She must also have had some feeling of fun in that "cat and mouse" game with the Indian. — *Joaquin Miller.*

NOTES

1. Joaquin (Wä kēn′) Miller, whose real name is Cincinnatus Heine Miller, was born in 1841 and spent the greater part of his life among the pioneers, cowboys, and miners of the West. In his writings he tells of many thrilling adventures with Indians and wild beasts.
2. What playful tricks or jokes have you known animals to play?

3. *Cork-screwed his way.* Worked his way by turning round like a cork-screw.
4. "*Cat and mouse*" *game.* This refers to the cat's playing with a mouse before eating it.
5. Be prepared to pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: grĭz′zlў, tĕr′rĭ-blў, frightened (frīt′ 'nd), cŭb, autumn (ô′tŭm), stumbled (stŭm′b'ld), headlong (hĕd′lŏng), cork-screwed (kôrk′skro͞od, receive (rē sēv′), strĕngth, touched (tŭcht).
6. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) I know an old Indian that was terribly frightened by a huge old grizzly and her half-grown cub.
   (*b*) To his great joy, the log was open at the other end.
   (*c*) He worked himself back to the place where he had gone in.
   (*d*) When you know this, you will see that she must have been in play.

EXERCISES

1. How did the Indian happen to come upon the old bear and her cub?
2. How did he at first try to save himself?
3. How did he then try to get away?
4. What did he find each time he worked himself to the end of the log?
5. How long did he keep this up?
6. What told him the bear had been playing with him?
7. What things have you seen animals do that tell you they like fun?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

SEGUR: The Donkey Race.
HARRIS: Brother Fox's Two Dinners.
LEAR: The Owl and the Pussy-Cat.
TROWBRIDGE: The Fox in the Well. The Tiger, The Brahman, and the Jackal.
THACKERAY: The Pigtail's Place.
ASPINWALL: Monkey Tricks in the Jungle.
THOMPSON-SETON: The Biography of a Grizzly.

OUT OF THE MORNING *

Will there really be a morning?
  Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
  If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water lilies?
  Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
  Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
  Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
  Where the place called morning lies!

— *Emily Dickinson.*

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ONE, TWO, THREE!

HIDE AND GO SEEK is a game all children like to play. They enjoy running, shouting, hiding, and at last being caught or "getting in free." But here is a story of a hide and go seek game without running and shouting. A little crippled boy and his old grandmother who couldn't run about played the game and enjoyed it. Many children, when they are shut indoors by rain or cold, like to play this kind of a hide and go seek game for a change.

ONE, TWO, THREE! *

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

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They sat in the yellow twilight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide and Go Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be —
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee —
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer;*
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be —
So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee —
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half past three.

— *H. C. Bunner.*

NOTES

1. Make a list of all other indoor games children like to play.
2. *Hide and Go Seek.* One of the oldest of children's games. It is often called by other names, such as: hide and seek, hide and coop, hide and find, hide and fox, hie spy, I spy, and all hid. What other names do you know? "I spy" is now played by hiding an object to find.
3. Play the game as the little boy and his grandma played it, without moving from your places. Ask questions and give answers in complete sentences.
4. Be prepared to pronounce and give meanings of as here used: beau'ti-ful (bū'tĭ-fo͝ol), to-gĕth'er, rŭn'nĭng, jŭmp'ĭng, twī'līght, clŏs'et, chĕst, queer (kwēr), cov ered (kŭv'ẽrd), wrink led (rĭn̆'k'ld), stirred (stŭrd), clothespress (klōthz'prĕs).

5. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) She couldn't go running and jumping.
   (*b*) And the game that they played I'll tell you.
   (*c*) You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
   In the chest with the queer old key!
   (*d*) So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma.
   (*e*) Then she covered her face with her fingers.

EXERCISES

1. Who are playing this game?
2. Why did they not run about?
3. Why would you not have known this game to be hide and go seek?
4. What tells us how much the boy liked the game?
5. Explain "you are warm and warmer."
6. Why do you think the old lady played with the little boy?
7. What does "Where Mamma's things used to be" tell you?
8. Why do you think the lady is called a "dear, dear, dear old lady"?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Ingelow: Seven Times One Are Seven.
Wordsworth: We Are Seven.
Dickens: Little Charley. The Children.
Riley: The Raggedy Man. The Used-To-Be.
Longfellow: The Children's Hour.
Gilder: A Child.
Hawthorne: The Paradise of Children.
Moore: The Children.
Grimm: The Little Brother and Sister.

A DONKEY RACE

THIS is a story told in the donkey's own words. Poor creature, he has had many adventures! His last owner was a little sick child who loved him greatly and treated him well. After the death of the child, the poor animal was turned out to starve. In this half-starved condition, the poor donkey came upon a merry group of men, women, and children, in a French village, who had come to watch the donkey race. Sleek, fat prize donkeys, of whom their owners were proud, were just ready to start in the race. How the race was run, and who won it, are told by this poor creature who by chance entered the race.

A DONKEY RACE *

All the next winter I had no one to take care of me. I had to live in the forest, where I found scarcely enough to keep me from dying of hunger and thirst.

When the spring came, I went one day to a village on the edge of the forest. I was surprised to find quite a commotion there.

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THE DONKEY

The people were walking up and down; everybody had on his Sunday clothes; and, what was stranger still, all the donkeys in the neighborhood seemed to be there. They were sleek and fat, their heads were decorated with flowers and leaves, and not one of them was in harness or had a rider.

I trotted up to see if I could find out what all this was about. Suddenly one of the boys who was standing there saw me, and shouted, "Oh, I say, look here! here's a fine donkey!"

"My word!" said another, "how well groomed he is, and how fat and well fed!" and they roared with laughter.

"I suppose he's come to run in the donkey race," said a third, "but he won't win the prize! No fear!"

I was very much annoyed at these rude jokes and personal remarks, but I thought I should enjoy taking part in the race, so I listened again.

"Where are they going to run?" asked an old dame who had just come up.

"In the meadow by the mill," said a man named Andrew.

"How many donkeys are there?" asked the old woman.

"Sixteen, Mother Evans, and the one that comes in first will win a silver watch and a bag of money."

"Oh, deary me!" said Mother Evans, "I do wish I had a donkey. I should so like to have a watch. I've never had the money to buy one."

I liked the look of the old woman; I was justly proud of my running; I had been so long in the forest that I was not too fat, as some of the prize donkeys were; and so I would take part in the race. I trotted up to the others, and took my place among them, and then, to attract attention, I opened my mouth and brayed vigorously.

"Oh, you stop that!" cried out a man named Bill. "Hi! you there, donkey, you just stop that music, will you? and get out of there! You can't run, you shabby brute! and, besides, you don't belong to anybody."

I held my tongue, but I didn't budge an inch. Some laughed, and others were getting angry, when old Mother Evans said:—

"Well, he can have me for his mistress. I take him into my service from this minute. So now he can run for me."

"Well," said Bill, "do as you like, mother. Only, if you want him to run, you've got to put a quarter into the bag the Squire has yonder."

"All right, my dear," said Mother Evans. She hobbled off to where the Squire was sitting, and paid her subscription into the bag.

"Very good," said the Squire; "put Mrs. Evans's name down, Richard."

So the clerk put down my new mistress's name. We were all drawn up in a line in the meadow. The Squire said, "One, two, three, and away!" The boys who held the donkeys let them go, and away we galloped as hard as we could, while the crowd ran cheering alongside.

The sixteen donkeys had not gone a hundred yards before I was in front of them all, an easy first. I thought I would beat them all now, at any rate, and I flew along as if I had wings. I passed proudly before the winning post, not only first, but a long way ahead of all the rest, amid loud cheers from those who had no donkeys in the race.

The Squire sat at a table to give away the prizes. Mother Evans, who was almost beside herself with delight, stroked and patted me, and led me up to the table with her to receive the first prize.

"Here, my good woman," said the Squire; and he was going to hand the watch and the bag of money to the old woman.

"Please, your worship, it isn't fair!" cried Bill and Andrew. "That donkey doesn't really belong to Mother Evans any more than it does to us! Our donkeys really got in first, not counting this one. The watch and money ought to be ours. It isn't fair!"

"Did Mrs. Evans pay her quarter into the bag?" said the Squire.

"Well, your worship, she did —"

"Did any of you object to her doing so at the time?" asked the Squire.

"Well, no, your worship, but —"

"Did you raise any objections when the donkeys were just going to start?"

"Well, no, sir, but —"

"Very well, then. It's all perfectly fair, and Mrs. Evans gets the watch and bag of money."

"Please, sir, it isn't fair, it isn't fair! You —"

When I heard this, I at once put my head down on the table, and taking up the watch and bag in my teeth, put them into Mother Evans's hands. This intelligent action on my part made the people roar with laughter, and won for me thunders of applause.

"There!" said the Squire, "the donkey has decided in favor of Mother Evans; and," he added, with a smile, looking at Bill and Andrew, "I don't think he is the biggest donkey present!"

"Bravo, your worship!" "Good for you!" resounded on all sides. And every one began to laugh at Andrew and Bill, who went away looking cross and ill-tempered.

And was I pleased? No, not at all. My pride was hurt. The Squire had been very rude to me. It was too much.

I declined to stay in a place where I was so insulted, and I turned tail and trotted away from such an ignorant set of people.— *Madame de Segur.*

NOTES

1. This story is taken from Madame de Segur's *Memoirs of a Donkey.* The author was the daughter of Count Rostopchine, governor of Moscow in 1812, when Napoleon made his famous retreat. Ten years later she married Count de Segur. At the age of sixty she began writing children's stories. This story is a great favorite with the French children.
2. Bring to class a report of each of the strange races you have seen. What strange races take place for fun at picnics or on the Fourth of July?
3. *Squire* (*skwīr*). A title of office, usually given to justices of the peace. In this case, a prominent villager of the upper class.
4. *Subscription* (*sŭb-skrĭp′shŭn*). Entrance money.
5. Be prepared to pronounce and give meanings of as here used: fŏr′ĕst, scarcely (skârs′lĭ), surprised (sûr prīzd′), commotion (kŏ-mo′shŭn), harness (här′nĕs), neighborhood (nā′bēr-hood), decorated (dĕk′ō rāt′ed), trŏt′tĕd, groomed (grōōmd), annoyed (*ȧ* noid′), rude (rōōd), prize (prīz), attention (*ă* tĕn′shŭn), brayed (brād), vigorously (vĭg′ŏr-ŭs-lĭ), shabby (shăb′ĭ), budge (bŭj), service (sûr′vĭs), hobbled (hŏb′ ′ld), galloped (găl′ŭpt), proudly (proud′lĭ), delight (dē-līt′), receive (rē-sēv′) counting (koun′tĭng), objection (ŏb-jĕk′shŭn), intelligent (ĭn-tĕl′ĭ jĕnt), thunders (thŭn′dērz), applause (*ă* plôz′), decided (dē-sīd′ĕd), resounded

(rē-zound′ĕd), ill-tempered (ĭl-tĕm′pērd), declined (dē-klīnd′), ŭn-sŭlt′ĕd.

6. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) All the next winter I had no one to take care of me.
   (*b*) I was surprised to find quite a commotion there.
   (*c*) You can't run, you shabby brute!
   (*d*) I passed proudly before the winning post.
   (*e*) Did any of you object to her doing so at the time?

EXERCISES

1. How did the donkey happen to get into the race?
2. How had he been treated before this?
3. How did the boys and men treat him now?
4. Why did not Mother Evans have a donkey of her own?
5. How did she come to take this poor creature?
6. Tell the story of the race.
7. Why did not Bill and Andrew want Mother Evans to get the prize?
8. Was the Squire fair in his decision?
9. Why did the poor donkey trot away?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Hare and the Tortoise. The Mules and the Robbers. The Wind and the Sun. The Lame Man and the Blind Man.
KIPLING: The Law of the Jungle.
HANS ANDERSEN: Hans Clodhopper.
TUCKER: My Donkey.
WATTS: How Doth the Little Busy Bee.
COOPER: A Race for Life.
LANSING: Seeing the World.
SEWELL: Black Beauty.
SAUNDERS: Beautiful Joe.

A LESSON OF MERCY

THE Boy Scouts are kind to all animals. Boys who tie cans to dogs' tails, who kill birds and rob nests, or who stone cats, are not true Boy Scouts. Here is a story of two boys who were about to stone a poor harmless toad when something happened that made them act like true Boy Scouts.

A LESSON OF MERCY *

A boy named Peter
  Found once, in the road,
All harmless and helpless,
  A poor little toad.

He ran to his playmate,
  And all out of breath,
Cried, "John, come and help,
  And we'll stone him to death."

And picking up stones,
  They went on the run,
Saying one to the other
  "Oh, won't we have fun!"

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COURTESY TABER-PRANG ART CO.

All Harmless and Helpless

Thus primed and all ready,
They'd hardly got back,
When a donkey came dragging
A cart on the track.

Now the cart was as much
As the donkey could draw,
And he came with his head
Hanging down; so he saw,

All harmless and helpless,
The poor little toad
A-taking his morning nap
Right in the road.

He shivered at first,
Then he drew back his leg,
And set up his ears,
Never moving a peg.

Then he gave the poor toad
With his warm nose a thump,
And he woke and got off
With a hop and a jump.

And then with an eye
Turned on Peter and John,
And hanging his homely head
Down, he went on.

"We can't kill him now, John."
Said Peter, "that's flat,
In the face of an eye
And action like that!"

"For my part, I haven't
The heart to," says John;
"But the load is too heavy
That donkey has on."

"Let's help him!" so both lads
Set off with a will
And came up to the cart
At the foot of the hill.

And when each a shoulder
Had put to the wheel,
They helped the poor donkey
A wonderful deal.

Having got to the top
Back again they both run,
Agreeing they never
Have had better fun.

— *Alice Cary.*

NOTES

1. Tell of boys and girls you know who showed kindness to animals.
2. Tell of boys or girls who kept others from being cruel to animals.
3. *Primed* (*prīm'd*). Prepared, ready.

4. *A wonderful deal.* Very much. A great deal.
5. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: härm′lĕss, hĕlp′less, plāy′māte, pĭck′ĭng, drăg′gĭng, shoulder (shōl′dĕr)′ *a*-grēē′ĭng, wonderful (wŭn′dĕr-fo͝ol).
6. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) John, come and help, and we'll stone him to death.
   (*b*) A donkey came dragging a cart on the track.
   (*c*) And he woke and got off
   With a hop and a jump.
   (*d*) The load is too heavy that donkey has on.
   (*e*) They helped the poor donkey
   A wonderful deal.

EXERCISES

1. What did Peter ask John to do?
2. Why did they think it fun?
3. What did they see when they returned?
4. How did the donkey treat the toad?
5. What effect did this have on the boys?
6. Why did they now notice the donkey had too heavy a load?
7. Why did they decide to help the donkey?
8. Why did they think this was the best fun they had had?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LANE: Professor Frog's Lecture.
SAUNDERS: Beautiful Joe.
SEWELL: Black Beauty.
BURNS: To a Field Mouse.
LARCOM: Little Brown Thrush.
FOSS: The Bloodless Sportsman.
WORDSWORTH: The Pet Lamb.

SHARP WITS

HERE is the story of how a wise old goat saved himself by using his wits. He found himself in a fierce lion's den with the lion ready to eat him. Later both a lion and a jackal agreed to kill and eat him. How his sharp wits saved him from harm in both cases is told in this old folk-tale.

SHARP WITS

One day a shrewd old goat was hunting in the mountains a long way from home, when there came up a sudden storm. A large opening in the cliffs near by promised shelter. Passing through the opening, he found himself in a small, dry cave.

It was a minute or two before his eyes grew used to the dim light, so that he could see where he was. Then he was horrified to see the floor covered with the bones of animals, and he was not long in deciding that he had found his way into a lion's den! Turning to escape at once, he was stopped by a deep roar. The master of the house was coming, driven home by the storm.

"My horns, however sharp, will be of no help against this fierce monster," thought the goat. "I must try what sharp wits can do."

In stalked the lion, hungry and surly. Seeing the goat, he paused, surprised, and then crouched to spring upon him.

"Oh, how lucky I am!" exclaimed the goat.

"What!" roared the lion, astonished. "You mean how lucky I am; for it is indeed great luck that sends a fat goat into my very den when I am hungry."

"No," said the goat, "I mean that I am lucky. I am a lion hunter, and it is great luck that sends me a lion just when my horns were aching for exercise — whoop!" and the goat danced about in glee.

"A long-whiskered old goat a lion hunter? Nonsense! I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh, you haven't heard of everything! Maybe you never before did meet a lion-killing goat. You certainly will not live to see another one. You can't escape. This week has been a little dull for me so far, as I have killed only four lions. You will make the fifth one. Prepare to die this very instant!"

The goat reared on his hind legs, shook his head till his long beard streamed out wildly; then, dropping on all fours, he lowered his horns and rushed fiercely at the amazed lion.

Frightened by the bold speech and unexpected attack, the great beast turned and fled. As soon as he had gone, the goat slipped out of the cave, and ran in the opposite direction as fast as his legs could carry him.

The lion had not gone far when he met a jackal. To him he told the story of his late meeting with the wonderful lion-killing goat that had attacked him so fiercely.

"You say he was a long-whiskered, gray-eyed old goat?" asked the jackal. "Why, I know him. And he called himself a lion killer? Ha! ha! ha! Why, he couldn't kill a half-grown kitten! He scared you with his big talk. Hunt him up and kill him. I will eat him if you don't want him!"

Back they hurried to the cave, but the goat was gone. Sniffing around among the rocks, they soon found his trail, and away they went in pursuit. The old goat, glancing back, caught sight of them, and, knowing that they would overtake him in a few minutes, feared that all was lost.

But he took heart and said to himself: "I can't run away from them and I can't fight them. All I can do is to try again the power of sharp wits." Facing about, he ran boldly toward his pursuers.

"Ha, jackal!" he called in angry tones,

"How is this? I will discharge you if you don't do better. You agreed to decoy three lions, and you have brought only one — and a small one at that. Start off for the other two at once! Stop! wait a minute till I kill this fellow."

As he finished speaking, old Billy rushed headlong at the lion. The great beast was again stricken with sudden fright. He gave an angry snap at the jackal and bounded down the valley. The cowardly jackal sneaked away, while the old goat trotted quietly home.— *A Hindu Tale.*

NOTES

1. Compare the goat and the lion. Which is stronger? Why is the lion called "the king of beasts"?
2. Tell how boys or girls have done more work or have escaped danger by using their wits.
3. Have the children dramatize this. Let them choose the ones who shall be the lion, the goat, and the jackal, and arrange the plan of acting the story.
4. *Decoy* (*dē koi'*). To lead by a trick, to entice.
5. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: shrewd (shro͞od), hŏr'rĭ-fied (fīd), dē-cīd'ĭng, ĕs-cāpe', stalked (stôkt), crouched (kroucht), lŭck'y, ĭn'stănt, amazed (*ȧ*-māzd), jackal jăk'ôl), pursuit (pŭr-sūt'), strĭck'ĕn, sneaked (snēkt).
6. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) I must try what sharp wits can do.
   (*b*) A long-whiskered old goat a lion hunter?

(*c*) Prepare to die this very instant!

(*d*) I can't run away from them and I can't fight them.

(*e*) You agreed to decoy three lions, and you have brought only one — and a small one at that.

EXERCISES

1. Where did the old goat go to get out of the storm?
2. What did he find the place to be?
3. What did he hear as he tried to escape?
4. What did he decide to do?
5. What did the lion do when he saw the goat?
6. What did the goat say?
7. Why was the lion surprised?
8. What did the goat then say and do?
9. What did the lion do?
10. What did the lion and jackal decide to do?
11. By what trick did the goat again save himself?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Miller: A Grizzly's Sly Little Joke.

Æsop: The Fox and the Wolf. The Eagle and the Fox. The Fox and the Goat. The Fox in the Well. The Goat and the Lion.

Richards: Tables Turned.

Homer: Famous Wooden Horse — from the Odyssey.

Madame de Segur: A Donkey Race.

Harris: The Wonderful Tar Baby.

Trowbridge: The Fox in the Well.

Harrison: Hans and the Four Great Giants.

WHEN THE LITTLE BOY RAN AWAY

FROST and cold and snow and ice make our winters seem long and tiresome. We grow tired of the leafless trees and the ground bare or covered with snow. We begin to long for spring with its many changes in scene and sound. At last the buds begin to swell, the grass covers the earth, the blossoms fill the air with perfume. We long to go out and watch the wonderful change going on. The early flowers, the delightful odors of spring, the songs of the birds, the gentle breezes, all seem to call us from duty and work. Sometimes the call is too strong and we leave duties and work to seek pleasure. Whenever this is true, we find our mistake as did the little boy in the following story.

WHEN THE LITTLE BOY RAN AWAY

When the little boy ran away from home,
The birds in the tree tops knew,
And they all sang, "Stay," but he wandered
away
Under the skies of blue.
And the wind came whispering from the tree,
"Follow me, follow me!"

And it sang him a song that was soft and sweet,
And scattered the roses before his feet,
That day, that day,
When the little boy ran away.

The violet whispered, "Your eyes are blue
And lovely and bright to see,
And so are mine, and I'm kin to you,
So dwell in the light with me."
But the little boy laughed, while the wind in glee
Sang, "Follow me, follow me!"
And the wind called the clouds from their home in the skies
And said to the violet, "Shut your eyes!"
That day, that day,
When the little boy ran away.

Then the wind played leapfrog over the hills
And twisted each leaf and limb;
And all the rivers and all the rills
Were foaming mad with him;
And 't was dark as the darkest night could be,
But still came the wind's voice, "Follow me!"
And over the mountain and up from the hollow
Came echoing voices with, "Follow him; follow!"
That awful day,
When the little boy ran away.

Then the little boy cried, "Let me go, let me go!"
For a scared, scared boy was he.
But the thunder growled from a black cloud,
"No!"
And the wind roared, "Follow me!"
And an old gray owl from a tree top flew,
Saying, "Who are you-oo? Who are you-oo?"
And the little boy sobbed, "I'm lost away!
And I want to go home where my parents stay."
Oh, the awful day
When the little boy ran away!

Then the moon looked out from a cloud and said:
"Are you sorry you ran away?
If I light you home to your trundle-bed,
Will you stay, little boy, will you stay?"
And the little boy promised — and cried and
cried —
He never would leave his mother's side,
And the moonlight led him over the plain;
And his mother welcomed him home again.
But, oh, what a day
When the little boy ran away!

— *Anonymous.*

NOTES

1. Tell of any days you have known like the day told of in this poem.
2. Tell of any boys and girls you know who ran away from home and what happened to them.

3. *Kĭn.* Of the same family, related to.
4. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of as here used, and use in sentences: wandered (wŏn′dĕrd), whĭsp′ĕr-ĭng, scattered (skăt′ĕrd), twĭst′ĕd, limb (lĭm), awful (ô′fo͝ol), scared (skârd), thŭn′dĕr, growled (grould), roared (rōr′d), sorry (sŏr′ĭ), trŭn′dle-bĕd, prŏm′ised (ĭst), wĕl′comed (kŭm′d), again (*ä*-gĕn′), flew (flo͞o), knew (nū).
5. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) The violet whispered, "Your eyes are blue."
   (*b*) But the little boy laughed.
   (*c*) Then the little boy cried, "Let me go, let me go!"
   (*d*) An old gray owl from a tree top flew.
   (*e*) I want to go home where my parents stay.

EXERCISES

1. What tells the kind of day it was when the little boy started?
2. Why did he follow the winds and not "stay" with the birds?
3. How did he enjoy following the wind?
4. Why did he not stay with the violets?
5. What tells what time of day it was at the close of stanza two?
6. How does the wind blow when it plays leapfrog over the hills?
7. Why were the rivers and rills "foaming mad" with the wind?
8. What made the day seem so awful to the little boy?
9. Tell all the things that scared the little boy.
10. What promise did the boy make to the moon?
11. Why do you think this boy remembered the day a long time?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

RILEY: The Runaway Boy.
ANDERSEN: The Ugly Duckling.
GILMAN: Too Late for School.
FIELD: When I was a Litel Boy.
BANGS: The Little Toy Dog.
WHITTIER: The Barefoot Boy.
STEVENSON: The Land of Storybooks. From a Railway Carriage.

THE SHEPHERD

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.
For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful; while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

— *William Blake.*

LINCOLN'S VALOR

In the first speech I ever saw of Mr. Lincoln's he said, "Many free countries have lost their liberties, and ours may lose hers; but if she shall, be it my proudest boast not that I was the last to desert, but that I never, never deserted her." That was valor.— *O. O. Howard.*

THE QUAILS

MANY a team loses the game because a player does not play his part. Sometimes the players do not know how to play together, or make good "team" plays. In far-away India, there is a story told by the wise men of good "team" play and bad "team" play. It is the story of how a wise quail taught a thousand quails to escape the net of the quail-

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QUAILS IN HIDING

catcher. What happened to those who could not learn the lesson is also told.

THE QUAILS

Ages ago a flock of more than a thousand quails lived together in a forest in India. They would have been happy, but that they were in great dread of their enemy, the quail-catcher. He used to imitate the call of the quail; and when they gathered together in answer to it, he would throw a great net over them, stuff them into his basket, and carry them away to be sold.

Now, one of the quails was very wise, and he said,—

"Brothers! I've thought of a good plan. In future, as soon as the fowler throws his net over us, let each one put his head through a mesh in the net and then all lift it up together and fly away with it. When we have flown far enough, we can let the net drop on a thorn bush and escape from under it."

All agreed to the plan; and next day when the fowler threw his net the birds all lifted it together in the very way that the wise quail had told them, threw it on a thorn bush, and escaped. While the fowler tried to free his net from the thorns, it grew dark, and he had to go home

This happened many days, till at last the fowler's wife grew angry and asked her husband,—

"Why is it that you never catch any more quail?" Then the fowler said,—

"The trouble is that all the birds work together and help one another. If they would only quarrel, I could catch them fast enough."

A few days later, one of the quails accidentally trod on the head of one of his brothers, as they alighted on the feeding ground.

"Who trod on my head?" angrily inquired the quail who was hurt.

"Don't be angry, I didn't mean to tread on you," said the first quail. But the brother quail went on quarreling.

"I lifted all the weight of the net; you didn't help at all," he cried.

That made the first quail angry, and before long all were drawn into the dispute. Then the fowler saw his chance. He imitated the cry of the quail and cast his net over those who came together. They were still boasting and quarreling, and they did not help one another lift the net. So the hunter lifted the net himself and crammed them into his basket. But the wise quail gathered his friends together and flew far away, for he knew that quarrels are the root of misfortune.— *A Legend of the Jataka.*

NOTES

1. This story is one of the 550 stories which form a part of the sacred writings of the Hindus. Every man in India is supposed to know this story and to know just what it means. In India, the Jä′tà-kà stories are held in high regard.
2. Let the class select from their number a quail-catcher, the quail-catcher's wife, a wise old quail, two quarreling quails, and let the others be the flock of quails. Have the children dramatize this story after reading it.
3. Pronounce, give meanings of, and use in sentences: thou′sand (zănd), fôr′est, ĕn′ê my, quail-cătch-ẽr, ĭm′ĭ tāte, stŭff, future (fū tu͡r), fowler (foul′ẽr), mĕsh, ĕs-cāpe′, trouble (trŭb′b'l), enough (ė-nŭf), accidentally (ăk-sĭ-dĕn′tăl-ĭ), â-līght′ed, weight (wāt), dĭs-pūte′, boast′ĭng (bōst), quarreling (kwôrl′-ĭng), crammed (crăm′d), mĭs-fôr′tu͡ne.
4. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) More than a thousand quails lived together in a forest.
   (*b*) Let each one put his head through a mesh in the net.
   (*c*) The trouble is that all the birds work together and help one another.
   (*d*) One of the quails accidentally trod on the head of one of his brothers.
   (*e*) They were still boasting and quarreling, and they did not help one another lift the net.

EXERCISES

1. What caused these quails to be unhappy?
2. What plan did the wise quail propose?

3. How did the plan work?
4. Why did the fowler say he could catch no more quails?
5. What started a quarrel among the quails?
6. What kept up the quarrel?
7. What chance did the fowler now see?
8. What happened to the quarreling quails?
9. What happened to the wise quail and his friends?
10. If the wise quail were a person, what would he now tell his friends?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Farmer and His Sons. The Lame Man and the Blind Man. The Body and its Members.
CARY: The Three Bugs. They Didn't Think.
BUTTERWORTH: Thinking Only of Myself.
PERRAULT: Cinderella.
ALDEN: The Palace Made by Music, in Why the Chimes Rang.
DAYRE: Agreed to Disagree.
RICHARDS: Good Advice.

GOD BLESS OUR FLAG *

God bless our noble flag
  Wherever it may be.
Oh, may it stainless wave,
  The emblem of the free!
And may the brave and true
  Protect it by their might,
Till all shall bend the knee
  To justice, truth, and right!

— *J. D. Alexander.*

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TRY, TRY AGAIN

ALL hate a *quitter*. The boy who starts a game and quits because he can't run it is liked no better than the girl who takes her doll and goes home because she can't have her way. A long time ago, some one wrote a poem which tells what is sure to come to the one who sticks right to a thing no matter how hard the task.

TRY, TRY AGAIN

If at first you don't succeed,
  Try, try again;
'T is a lesson you should heed,
  Try, try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For, if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear;
  Try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,
  Try, try again;
If you would at last prevail,
  Try, try again;
If we strive, 't is no disgrace,
Though we do not win the race;
What should you do in the case?
  Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
  Try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
  Try, try again.
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view:
  Try, try again.

—*T. H. Palmer.*

NOTES

1. See what common sayings, or proverbs, you can find which tell the same truth as does this poem.
2. Tell of persons you know who have succeeded because they stuck to their jobs. Of what successful persons have you read?
3. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: heed, again (*ȧ*-gĕn′), succeed (sŭk-sēd′), courage (kŭr′ăj), appear (*ă*-pēr′), persevere (pûr′-sĕ vēr′), conquer (kŏŋ′kẽr), prē-vail′ (vāl), strīve, dĭs-grāce′, though (thō), tȧsk, rē wärd′, patience (pā′shĕnz).
4. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) 'T is a lesson you should heed.
   (*b*) You will conquer, never fear.
   (*c*) What should you do in the case?
   (*d*) Time will bring you your reward.
   (*e*) Why, with patience, should not you?

EXERCISES

1. What does one usually do who fails at first?
2. What is he here told to do?

3. What comes to one who *perseveres?*
4. When is it no disgrace to fail?
5. Explain "Time will bring you your reward."
6. Why should one not do what others have done?
7. What rule should be kept in mind?
8. Tell ways in which this rule can be followed by children in school. At home.
9. Tell ways in which it should not be followed. (See Thackeray's *The Pigtail's Place.*)

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Buried Treasure.
MACKAY: Clear the Way.
HARRIS: Brother Fox's Two Dinners.
SANGSTER: Do All that You Can.
ROBERTSON: The Red Thread of Honor.
CRANE: Boy Wanted.
ABBOTT: Young Barbarians.
THACKERAY: The Pigtail's Place.

WHITE BUTTERFLIES

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
Fly.

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,
Fly.

— *Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

BELLING THE CAT

A TEACHER once called all her pupils together and said to them, "There is too much noise in the room; I wish you children would tell me how to have a quiet room." "I know," said one; "don't let the fellows stick pins in each other and there won't be jumpin' and noise." "How can we stop them from using pins?" asked the teacher. "Let's agree that when a fellow's stuck he'll yell as loud as he can." "Very well," said the teacher quietly. After that, no fellows were stuck and the room was quiet.

In this schoolroom story a boy gave advice which worked. In the story following, advice was given that did not work so well. Read the story of how the mice hit upon a plan to rid themselves of their enemy, the cat, and see if you can tell why the plan failed.

BELLING THE CAT

(*Night in pantry of large country house. The mice meet in council.*)

Sharp Eyes [*rapping gently*]: This council will come to order. Our numbers have been greatly

thinned by our enemy, Great Cat. What shall we do?

Silver Tail: Kind friends, these are sad times. We must do something. We cannot let this go on. Our children will all be killed.

Brownie [*sobbing*]: Oh! Oh! My little ones were taken yesterday! What *shall* we do?

THE CAT

Little Mice [*in chorus*]: We shall all be killed! What shall we do?

Sharp Eyes: This is the time to act and not to weep. How can we get away from our old enemy? Can any one present think of a plan?

Little Mice [*weeping with fright*]: Oh! What shall we do? We are all lost!

Sharp Eyes: Listen, my children! Dry your eyes. This is a sad hour, but we must use our wits. Has any one a plan?

Silver Tail: Let us place watchers to give the alarm. When Great Cat comes, we can hurry into our hiding places.

Long Whisker: No, the watchers would be eaten. Let us make such a noise that Great Cat will be frightened away.

Little Mice [*with courage*]: Hurrah! Let us begin now.

Sharp Eyes: Be silent! Your noise will only attract more cats — and then —

Frisker: Friends, I have a plan. Listen! We should not be eaten if we could only hear when the cat comes.

Little Mice: That's why she catches us! We don't have time to run!

Frisker: That's it! Listen! Here's my plan. If the cat had a little bell around her neck, every step she took would make it tinkle. Then we should have time to reach our holes. Let's put a bell around her neck.

Little Mice: Good! Good! Hang a bell around the old cat's neck. Hurrah! No more fear of the cat!

Brownie [*weeping again*]: Why didn't we think

of that before my dear children were taken? Oh! Oh! Oh!

Sharp Eyes [*with great dignity*]: Frisker, you have hit upon a fine plan. Now, who will put the bell around the cat's neck?

Long Whisker: Not I. The plan is good, but I have all my little ones to keep. Silver Tail's the one!

Silver Tail [*tremblingly*]: Not I! I am so lame!

Little Mice: Get Frisker! He'll do it! Hurrah for Frisker!

Sharp Eyes: Frisker, they are calling for you! Where is Frisker? [*Frisker leaves in haste.*] Why, does he, too, refuse? Has he run away?

Silver Tail: The Cat! The Cat! [*All scamper to their holes.*]— *Retold from Æsop.*

NOTES

1. This lesson is arranged from Æsop's fable "The Mice in Council." Read this and others of Æsop's fables.
2. Have the class act this lesson.
3. Tell of advice you have heard that could not well be followed.
4. Pronounce and give meanings of as here used: bĕll′ĭng, răp′pĭng, council (koun′sĭl), nūm′bērs, thinned (thĭnd), ĕn′ē-my, chĭl′drĕn, yĕs′tēr-dāy, prĕs′ĕnt, watchers (wäch′ērs), frightened (frīt′ ′nd), sī′lĕnt, attract (ă-trăkt′), tĭŋ′kle.

5. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) Our numbers have been greatly thinned by our enemy, Great Cat.
   (*b*) This is the time to act and not to weep.
   (*c*) Can any one present think of a plan?
   (*d*) Who will put the bell around the cat's neck?
   (*e*) Frisker, they are calling for you!

EXERCISES

1. Why did this council meet?
2. Why did all have great cause to fear?
3. Why did Sharp Eyes think it was a time to act?
4. What plan did Silver Tail offer?
5. What, instead, did Long Whisker propose?
6. Why were the Little Mice ready to begin the noise?
7. What plan did Frisker offer?
8. Why did not Long Whisker and Silver Tail help with the plan?
9. Why did Frisker run away?
10. Why was not the plan a good one?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Lark and Her Young Ones. Elephant and Assembly of Animals. The Partial Judge. The Cats and the Monkey. The Bear and the Fowls.

CHOLLET: The Wishing-Gate.

JACKSON: Cat Stories.

ASPINWALL: The Mouse's Revenge.

ANDERSEN: The Discontented Fir-Tree.

RICHARDS: The Mouse-Trap.

LINDSAY: Mrs. Tabby Gray.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

NOT all poets agree upon which is the best month of the year. Some sing of stormy March; some, of April with her tears; some, of gentle May with her flowers; some, of bleak November and of chill December. Lowell, in his "Vision of Sir Launfal" asks, "What is so rare as a day in June?" and answers, "Then if ever come perfect days." But Helen Hunt Jackson loved the early autumn months best, and best of all, "October's bright blue weather." In this poem, she gives us the beautiful nature pictures which make the month one of such delicate charm.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER *

O, sun and skies and clouds of June
And flowers of June together,
Ye can not rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

* Copyright, 1892, by Roberts Brothers.

Country Haunts

When gentians roll their fringes tight,
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining;
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle, golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

NOTES

1. Read all the other October poems you can find.
2. Which month do you like best? Give reasons for your choice.
3. *Gentians.* Pronounced *jĕn′shănz.* Beautiful autumn flowers.
4. *Aftermaths.* A second growth after the first crop is harvested.
5. Be prepared to pronounce, and use in sentences of your own: rī′văl, bē-lāt′ĕd, thrĭft′lĕss, vā′grănt, frā′grănt, fringes (frĭnj′ĕs), chestnut (chĕs′nŭt), săt′ĭn, jewel (jū′ĕl), wo͝od′bīne, wāy′sīde, åf′tẽr-măths, freighting (frāt′ĭng), comrades (kŏm′răd͟z), haunts (häntz), mī′sẽr, boasts (bōsts).

   Example: The lily *rivals* the rose in beauty.
6. Articulation drill. Read slowly, pronouncing each word distinctly:
   (*a*) When loud the bumblebee makes haste.
   (*b*) And redder still on old stone walls
   Are leaves of woodbine twining.
   (*c*) Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush of woods.
   (*d*) When comrades seek sweet country haunts.
   (*e*) Love loveth best of all the year
   October's bright blue weather.

EXERCISES

1. How does the author compare June and October?
2. Why does she speak of October's weather as "bright blue"?
3. Why does the bumblebee make haste?
4. Explain "belated, thriftless vagrant."
5. Why is the goldenrod dying *fast*?
6. Explain "roll their fringes tight."

7. Why "*save* them for the morning"?
8. Why are the leaves of the woodbine so red?
9. Explain "without a sound of warning."
10. What lovely wayside things sow white-winged seeds?
11. Explain "idle, golden freighting."
12. Why do comrades count these hours "like misers"?
13. What is the author's thought in the last stanza?
14. How does October compare with September?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

KEATS: Autumn.
CRAIK: October.
JONES VERY: October.
WORDSWORTH: Nutting.
STEDMAN: Going a-Nutting.
BRYANT: To a Fringed Gentian. The Death of the Flowers.
RILEY: When the Frost is on the Pumpkin.
WHITTIER: The Huskers. The Corn Song.
LONGFELLOW: Autumn.
THOMAS: October the Artist. Autumn Fashions.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES *

When we are fast asleep in bed,
  And hear in dream the sound of song,
The moon and stars high overhead
  Are making music all night long.
— *Gabriel Setoun.*

* From *Child World*, published by the John Lane Company, and used by their courteous permission.

TOO LATE FOR SCHOOL

IT pays to be on time. A neat, prompt boy or girl is always wanted by persons who employ help. Getting to school or to work on time makes one contented and happy. To have work ready when it is wanted gives others confidence in us, and makes us take pride in our work. Careless work and dread of duty leads us into many unpleasant happenings as it did the young lad in the following poem.

TOO LATE FOR SCHOOL

O, where is my hat? It is taken away,
And my shoestrings are all in a knot;
I can't find a thing where it should be to-day,
Though I've hunted in every spot.

My slate and my pencil can nowhere be found,
Though I placed them as safe as could be;
While my books and my maps are scattered around,
And hop about just like a flea.

Do, Lucy, just look for my atlas upstairs,
My reader is somewhere there, too;
And, Sister, just brush down these troublesome hairs;
And, Mother, please fasten my shoe.

And, Sister, ask Father to write an excuse,
But stop, he will only say, "No!"
And go on with a smile, and keep reading the news,
While everything bothers me so!

My satchel is heavy and ready to fall,
This old pop-gun is breaking my map;
I'll have nothing to do with pop-gun or ball,
There's no playing for such a poor chap!

The town clock will strike in a minute, I fear,
And away to the foot I must sink;
There, look at my arithmetic tumbled down there
And my geography covered with ink.

I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the last,
Though the toast and the butter were fine,
I think our Edward must eat pretty fast
To be off when I haven't done mine.

Now Edward and Henry protest they won't wait
And beat on the door with their sticks;
I suppose they will say I was dressing too late —
To-morrow I'll be up at six!

—*Caroline Gilman.*

NOTES

1. Why are boys and girls sometimes late to school?
2. Tell of all the reasons you know why boys and girls should be on time.

3. Tell what you know of how men lost money in business by not being on time.
4. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of as here used, and use in sentences: placed (plāst), fasten (făs″n), jŭst, ĕv′ĕr-y̆, news (nūz), ȧ-rĭth′mē-tic (tĭk), geography (jē̆-ŏg′rȧ-fĭ), ăt′lăs, lingered (lĭŋ′gẽrd), prō-tĕst′.
5. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) My slate and my pencil can nowhere be found.
   (*b*) Do, Lucy, just look for my atlas upstairs.
   (*c*) And away to the foot I must sink.
   (*d*) Now Edward and Henry protest they won't wait.

EXERCISES

1. Where was the boy when he said the first sentence?
2. Tell how he looks as he says it.
3. Who else were present?
4. What are they doing?
5. Why can he not find anything where it should be?
6. What shows whether he has "hunted in every spot"?
7. How does the room look?
8. Why did the books and maps "hop about just like a flea"?
9. What was the boy doing for himself?
10. Why did he tell his sister to ask his father to write an excuse?
11. Why did not his father write the excuse?
12. How did the geography come to be covered with ink?
13. Why had Edward gotten away so soon?
14. Had this boy ever been in this plight before?
15. What shows whether he is really a "poor chap"?
16. Do you think he got to school in time? Why?

17. Give reasons why you think he will or will not keep his promise in the last line.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

POTTER: The Tale of Peter Rabbit.
WHITTIER: In School Days.
PERRAULT: The Three Wishes.
ÆSOP: The Boy and the Wolf. The Buried Treasure. The Ant and the Cricket.
BATES: Vacation Song.
SEGUR: A Donkey Race.
CARY: They Didn't Think.

THE TAX-GATHERER *

"And pray, who are you?"
Said the violet blue
To the bee, with surprise
At his wonderful size,
In her eyeglass of dew.

"I, madam," quoth he,
"Am a publican bee,
Collecting the tax
On honey and wax.
Have you nothing for me?"

— *John Banister Tabb.*

* From the Poems of John B. Tabb, and used by the courteous permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Incorporated.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

"I LIKE summer best!" "I like winter best!" "I like spring best!" These are the answers different children give when they are asked to name the season they like best. To little Marjorie in the following poem, each season seems better than the last. Read each stanza carefully. See if you can tell why she thinks so much of each of the seasons.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC *

Robins in the tree top,
  Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
  Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
  Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
  Budding out anew;
Pine tree and willow tree,
  Fringed elm, and larch,—
Don't you think that May-time's
  Pleasanter than March?

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Apples in the orchard
Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day —
Don't you think that summer's
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch
Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth-side
Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
All the afternoon,—
Don't you think that autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snow-flakes
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?

Twilight and firelight
  Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh bells
  Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings,
  Pussy's got the ball,—
Don't you think that winter's
  Pleasanter than all?

— *Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

NOTES

1. What do you like best in each of the seasons?
2. *Almanac* (*ôl'mȧ năc*). A book containing a list of days, weeks, and months of the year. Here the word refers to Marjorie's plan of enjoying each of the seasons in turn.
3. *Hearth-side* (*härth'-sīd*). The floor near the fireplace.
4. Be prepared to pronounce correctly, give meanings of as here used, and use in sentences of your own: blŏs'soms (sŭmz), brēēz'ĕs, bough (bow), fringed (frĭnjd), lärch, pleasanter (plĕz'ănt-ĕr), drow'sy, rŏmp'ĭng, chestnut (chĕs'nŭt), rīnd, twī'līght, sleigh (slā), knitting (nĭt'ĭng).
5. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) Green things a-growing
   Everywhere you pass.
   (*b*) Don't you think that May-time's pleasanter than March?
   (*c*) Roses faint with sweetness.
   (*d*) Chestnuts in the ashes bursting through the rind.
   (*e*) Little fairy snow-flakes dancing in the flue.

EXERCISES

1. Name the four seasons. Which do you like best and why?
2. How many things made May-time so pleasant?
3. What seemed to make summer pleasanter than May?
4. Why did autumn seem pleasanter than June?
5. What things made winter seem pleasantest of all?
6. Why did each season seem to Marjorie better than the last?
7. What is shown of Marjorie in her seeing good in each season?
8. How can one make each season seem better than the last?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

STEVENSON: The Wind. Rain. Bed in Summer.
ROSSETTI: Who Has Seen the Wind?
JACKSON: September. October's Bright Blue Weather.
CARY: November.
HOWITT: The Voice of Spring.
SHELLEY: Autumn.
HEMANS: The Dial of Flowers.
BROWNING: The Year's at the Spring.
RILEY: Knee-Deep in June.
SHERMAN: The Four Winds.
WORDSWORTH: March.
THAXTER: Nikolina.

LEND A HAND

"Look up, and not down;
Look forward, and not backward:
Look out, and not in,
And lend a hand."

— *Edward Everett Hale.*

HOW THE INDIANS FIRST OBTAINED FIRE

WE are always interested in knowing how some of the best things we have were obtained. Once people had to get along without fire. They had to live in warm countries or in caves or had to dress in the warm skins of animals. There are many stories of how fire was first obtained. It is less than a hundred years since matches came into use. Before people had matches, they had to cover up the fire at night with ashes to keep it for the next day. If the fire went out at night, some one had to run to a neighbor in the morning and bring back a burning firebrand or some live coals on a shovel. Often they made fire by striking sparks from flint with a piece of steel. The story of how the Indians first obtained fire is here given and is especially interesting because of the many helpers the Indians had in order to steal fire from the selfish old women who hated them.

HOW THE INDIANS FIRST OBTAINED FIRE

This is the story of how the Indians first obtained fire. It was winter and very, very

cold. They could not keep themselves warm. One Indian said, "We ought to have fire in our lodges."

"Yes, but how shall we get it?" said another.

The only fire on earth was kept by three old women who lived by themselves, and who hated the Indians. These women watched the fire by turns, day and night. They would let no one have a coal or a spark to carry away.

A young Indian asked an older man, "Why should we not have fire as well as those old women? Let us get some from them. Let us ask the animals to help us."

"How can they help us? How can they get any fire when the old women are always watching it?"

"The bear might get it for us," said the young man.

"No, he is too slow," said the other.

"The deer can run swiftly."

"His horns would catch in the door of the wigwam," said the old man.

"The rattlesnake might crawl in."

"No, the rattlesnake is afraid of smoke; and, besides, he is no friend of ours."

"Then I will ask the wolf," said the young man. "He can run fast; he has no horns, and he is not afraid of smoke."

The young man went into the forest and

called, "Friend wolf! Friend wolf! Friend wolf!" till the wolf came.

He said to the wolf: "We Indians are very cold. We haven't fur like you. If you will get us some fire from the old witches, we will give you food every day."

"If you will do as I tell you," said the wolf, "I will soon get you a firebrand. You must go to the wigwam of the old women and hide behind the oak tree. When you hear me cough three times together give a loud war cry."

The wolf then went into the woods and asked a frog, a squirrel, a robin, a bear, and a deer to help him.

He told the frog to hide by the pond near the wigwam. The squirrel was to hide in the bushes. The robin was to sit up in the oak tree. The bear was to lie down behind a great rock until he was called. And the deer was to stand as still as a dead tree till something happened.

The wolf went to the door of the wigwam, looked in, and coughed once.

Then he coughed again and shivered as if he was very cold. One of the old women looked up and said, "Wolf, you may come in."

The wolf went into the wigwam and stood by the fire. Then he gave three loud coughs. The waiting Indian shouted war cries. When the

old women hurried out to see what was going on, the wolf picked up a stick that was burning at one end, and ran off with it.

But as soon as the old women saw him running away with the firebrand, they screamed and ran after him.

"Catch it and run!" cried the wolf as he threw the firebrand to the deer. The deer caught it and ran.

"Catch it and run!" cried the deer, and threw it to the bear. The bear caught it and ran to the robin.

"Catch it and fly!" called the bear and threw it to the robin. The robin caught it and flew, but some of the sparks burnt the feathers on his breast.

"Catch it and run!" cried the robin, throwing it to the squirrel. The squirrel caught it and ran.

"Snake! Snake! Help us! Help us!" cried the women. "They have stolen a firebrand. Get it from the squirrel." The rattlesnake sprang at the squirrel, but the squirrel jumped aside and ran to the frog.

The firebrand was now so burned that there was nothing left of it but a live coal. But one of the old women was so close to the frog that she caught him by the tail before he could dive into the pond.

"I have caught him!" she cried.

"Don't let him go!" cried the other witches.

But the frog gave a twist and a turn and tore himself away, but lost his tail. He then dived into the water with the coal in his mouth.

He swam across the pond and came up on the other side.

"I have the fire!" cried the frog.

"Where?" asked the young Indian.

The frog gave a cough, and out of his mouth came a small live coal.

Away went the Indian to the tent with it. The Indians there ran out and gathered dry leaves and sticks, and soon had a fire burning. They were so pleased that they sang and danced.

For years and years after that, they watched the fire, day and night, and never let it go out. — *Old Indian Legend.*

NOTES

1. Find as many stories as you can of how people first obtained fire.
2. Find out how the Indians live. If possible get pictures of their wigwams and lodges.
3. What are witches? Find why the three old women were called witches.
4. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: ŏb-tain′(tān), lodge (lŏj), hāt′ĕd, wĭg′wam, (wôm), wĭtches. cough (kŏf), happened

(hăp''nd), fīre'brănd, swĭft'lў, shĭv'ered (ērd), screamed (skrēm'd), shout'ĕd, caught (kŏt), throw (thrō), feathers (fĕth'ērz), jumped (jŭmp't), dived (dīv'd), găth'ered (ērd).

5. Read the following slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) We ought to have fire in our lodges.
   (*b*) How can they help us?
   (*c*) Then I will ask the wolf.
   (*d*) The wolf went into the wigwam and stood by the fire.
   (*e*) The squirrel jumped aside and ran to the frog.
   (*f*) The frog gave a twist and a turn and tore himself away.
   (*g*) The waiting Indian shouted war cries.
   (*h*) He then dived into the water.
   (*i*) "Don't let him go," cried the other witches.

EXERCISES

1. Why did the Indians want fire?
2. How only could they get it?
3. What plan did the young Indian first propose?
4. What answer did the old Indian make?
5. What did the young man at last decide to do?
6. What bargain did the young Indian make with the wolf?
7. What plan did the wolf propose?
8. Whom did the wolf ask to help him?
9. What did he tell each to do?
10. By what trick did the wolf get a burning stick?
11. How did each of the wolf's friends help?
12. How close did the frog come to being caught?
13. How did the frog finally save the live coal?
14. Why did the Indians watch the fire day and night?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LONGFELLOW: Hiawatha.
EGGLESTON: The Legend of Indian Corn.
ELLEN EMERSON: Indian Myths.
GRINNELL: The Story of the Indians.
WILSON: Myths of the Red Children.
DOROTHY BROOKS: Stories of the Red Children.
BAKER: Stories from Northern Myths. How all Things Began.
JUDD: How Fire Came to Earth.

HOW CHILDREN GREW

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places —
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

— *Anonymous.*

PEACE *

O South, bring all your chivalry;
And West, give all your heart;
And East, your old untarnished dreams
Of progress and of art!
Bid waste and war to be no more,
Bid wanton riot cease;
At your command give Lincoln's land
To Paradise,— to peace.

— *Bliss Carman.*

* From "The Man of Peace" in *The Rough Rider*, published by Mitchell Kennerly, New York, and used by the courteous permission of the author.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

IN this poem, a little boy tells what he thinks of as he watches the lamplighter light the street lamps one by one. As Robert Louis Stevenson was himself a sickly child, these lines perhaps tell of his own thoughts as he watched the lamplighter in his native city of Edinburgh. From the poem you can find what is in the heart of any child who watches older persons at work.

THE LAMPLIGHTER *

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at teatime and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;

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But I, when I am stronger and can choose what-
I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the
lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the
door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many
more,
And oh! before you hurry by with ladder and
with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-
night!

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

NOTES

1. Read Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses.*
2. Tell of those you have seen light the street lamps.
3. Tell of the most interesting work you have seen older persons do.
4. *Lamplighter* (*lămp'līt-ẽr*). Before the days of electric lights, each street light had to be lighted by itself. Men called *lamplighters* lighted the lamps at night and turned them out in the morning.
5. *To take the window.* To go to the window.
6. *Leerie.* Pronounced *lēr'ĭ.*
7. *Comes pōsting up the street.* Comes rapidly up the street.
8. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: wĭnd'ow (ō), teatime (tē'tīm), lăn'tẽrn, lăd'dẽr, pōst'ing, drīv'ẽr, bănk'ẽr, strŏng'ẽr, choōse, lŭck'y, hûr'ry.

9. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) It's time to take the window.
   (*b*) With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.
   (*c*) I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you.
   (*d*) We are very lucky, with a lamp before the door.
   (*e*) O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

EXERCISES

1. What probably led the poet to write this poem?
2. What time does he know Leerie will go by?
3. What did the other children want to do when they grew up?
4. What did this child decide to do?
5. Why did he think they were lucky?
6. How often did he see Leerie?
7. What shows how much the child wanted Leerie to speak to him?
8. Why do you think this child wanted to be a lamplighter?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

STEVENSON: The Land of Storybooks. The Land of Nod. The Land of Counterpane.
ANDERSEN: The Old Street Lamp. Ole the Watchman.
CHOLLET: The Wishing-Gate.
RICHARDS: The Golden Windows.
ASPINWALL: The Lighthouse Lamp.
LONGFELLOW: Twilight. The Children's Hour.

THE FISH OF GOLD

"WHAT would you wish for if you had but one wish?" each of us is often asked. The strangest thing is that no one thing we can think of satisfies us. Old King Midas wished that everything he touched would turn to gold. He was sorry his wish was granted. Perhaps each of us would be just as sorry if we were given everything we wished for. At least, we should not be satisfied. The boy who has some marbles or pennies wants more. When he has more he is still dissatisfied. While it is right to wish for all the things we can use well we should not wish for riches or power or high honors for selfish purposes.

The following story is a tale which has been told to Russian children for many generations. They love the story of the fish of gold, and after the story is told they sit around wondering why the fisherman's wife was not satisfied when her first wish was granted. They wonder even more why the little fish disappeared when her last wish was made known.

THE FISH OF GOLD

In a little hut, on an island in the midst of the sea, there once dwelt an old fisherman and his

wife. They were very poor. Every day the old man used to go a-fishing, but his luck was bad. They just managed to live on what he caught.

One day, after having fished a long while and taken nothing, the old man said to himself, "I will let down my net once more, and then I will go home." So he let down the net again; and this time, as he drew it up, it seemed very heavy.

Instead of a great number of fishes, however, it contained only one little fish. But the fish was of gold. And the fish of gold spoke to the fisherman, saying: "Good fisherman, I pray you throw me back into the blue sea. I am very little; give me my life. Grant this wish, and I will reward you; for whatever you wish, that will I do."

Then the old man was sorry for the little fish and threw him back into the sea. So the fisherman returned to his hut empty-handed.

And when his wife saw him, she cried, "Where are your fish?"

"Alas!" replied he, "I have caught nothing — at least, nothing but a fish of gold, and that I threw back into the sea."

"A fish of gold!" exclaimed his wife, "and you threw it back into the sea! You must be mad."

"He was a very little one," said the old man, "and he begged so hard for his life, I could not refuse him. Besides, he promised to reward me. 'Whatever you wish, that will I do.' Those were his words."

"And yet you wished for nothing!" exclaimed his wife, impatiently. "You might at least have wished for bread. We have scarce a crust in the house."

So the old man went back to the seashore and cried:

"Little fish, little fish, come from the sea,
Your tail in the water, your head towards me."

Immediately the fish of gold came to the shore.

"What is your wish?" he asked.

"My wife," replied the old man, "has sent me to ask for bread; we have scarce a crust in the house."

"Your wish is granted," said the fish; "go home, and you shall find bread in abundance."

So the old man returned, and when he entered the hut he found bread in plenty. "Well, wife," he said, "for once we have enough and to spare."

"Bread enough, yes," said she. "But just see my washtub. It has fallen to pieces. How can I do the washing now? Go to the fish and ask him to give us a new tub."

Away went the man. Standing on the shore he called out as before:

"Little fish, little fish, come from the sea,
Your tail in the water, your head towards me."

Instantly the fish appeared, asking as before, "What is your wish?"

"A new washtub for my wife, if you please. She had the misfortune to break the old one."

"You will find a new washtub at home," said the fish.

Back went the old man, to find his wish granted. But his wife was not content.

"Be off to the golden fish again," she cried to him, before he reached the door. "Our old hut is falling in ruins. We have scarcely a roof over our heads. Make him give us a new one."

So the old man ran to the shore, and called to the fish:

"Little fish, little fish, come from the sea,
Your tail in the water, your head towards me."

Again it came instantly from the sea.

"What is your pleasure?" asked the fish.

"My wife," replied the man, "is very discontented with our old hut, and has sent me to ask you to build us a new one. She says the roof may tumble down on our heads any day."

"Oh, do not be troubled about that," said the fish. "Go home; your wish is already granted."

Hastening home, the old man found that the fish had been as good as his word. There, in the place of the miserable hovel, was a beautiful new cottage, with new furniture in every room.

"Here we can live in comfort all our days," said the old man, as he entered the door.

"Comfort indeed!" quoth the dame, "when I am but a peasant, and the wife of a peasant, and must do my own work at the end of my days. Be off this instant to that fish of yours and tell it I will not be a mere peasant's wife any longer. I will be a Grand Duchess, with plenty of servants, and set the fashion."

The old man went to the golden fish.

"Little fish, little fish, come from the sea,
Your tail in the water, your head towards me."

"What is it?" asked the fish.

"My wife will not let me rest," replied the man. "She wants now to be a Grand Duchess."

"Well, it shall be as she wishes. Go home again," said the fish.

Home went the man. How astonished was he, when, on coming to where his house had stood, he now found a fine mansion, three stories high. Servants crowded the halls, and cooks were busy in the kitchens. On a seat in a fine room, clothed in robes shining with gold and silver, sat the man's wife giving orders.

"Good day, wife!" said the man.

"Who are you, man?" said the wife. "What have you to do with me, a fine lady? Take the clown away," said she to her servants. So they took him away.

After a time, the Grand Duchess got tired of being merely a Grand Duchess. She wished to be Empress, and ordered the old fisherman to make known her wish to the fish of gold.

Off went the old man to the fish. The fish said the word; and Empress she became, living in a gorgeous palace, surrounded by officers and nobles, and having everything that heart could wish. But the fisherman remained a fisherman still, and his wife, the Empress, treated him shamefully.

Still this poor woman was not content. Indeed, she was less contented as Empress than she had ever been in her life before. Summoning the old fisherman to her court, she commanded him to go once more to the fish of gold. "Tell it," she said, "that I wish to rule over the sun and the moon and the ocean, and have dominion over all creatures."

Slowly and unwillingly the old man went to the shore and called the fish of gold, as at other times:

"Little fish, little fish, come from the sea,
Your tail in the water, your head towards me!"

The fish did not come. The man waited. It was not to be seen. He said the words a second time. The waves roared. Dark clouds covered the sky, the wind howled, and the water seemed of an inky blackness.

At length the fish came.

"What do you want, old man?" it asked.

The old man told him of his wife's latest wish.

The fish made no reply, but dived down and disappeared in the sea.

Fearing to meet the wrath of the Empress the old fisherman turned slowly away from the shore. But what had become of the palace? In its place was the old hut, and at the door stood the old woman in her old rags. There was scarcely a crust in the house; and the washtub was fallen in pieces.

So they began to live their lives as before; and, strange to say, the woman was happier than when she was Empress. Day by day did the old man cast his net into the sea, but never again did he draw up the Fish of Gold.— *Russian Folk-Tale.*

NOTES

1. If you had but one wish, what would it be?
2. What is the story of King Midas?
3. What wishes of yours when granted left you dissatisfied?

4. Give instances in which other persons were sorry they got what they wanted.
5. *Grand Duchess* (*dŭch'ĕs*). A lady of high rank, the wife of a Grand Duke or man of highest rank next to the King and his family.
6. *Empress* (*ĕm'prĕs*). A woman who rules an empire, or who is the wife of an Emperor.
7. Read the following slowly and distinctly, pronouncing all words correctly:
   (*a*) Grant this wish, and I will reward you.
   (*b*) Little fish, little fish, come from the sea,
   Your tail in the water, your head towards me.
   (*c*) Be off this instant to that fish of yours.
   (*d*) There was scarcely a crust in the house.
8. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: fĭsh'ĕr-măn, contained (kŏn-tān'd'), impatiently (ĭm-pā'shĕnt-lĭ), ĭm-mē'dĭ-ate lў, mĭs-fôr'tûne, dĭs'cŏn-tĕnt'ĕd, miserable (mĭz'ĕr-*a*-b'l), hŏv'ĕl, peasant (pĕz'ănt), fûr'nĭ tûre, fashion (făsh'ŭn), mansion (măn'shŭn), astonished (*a* stŏn'-ĭsht), gorgeous (gôr'jŭs), summoning (sŭm'ŭn-ĭng), dominion (dô mĭn'yŭn).

EXERCISES

1. What tells you how very poor these people were?
2. Why did the poor fisherman decide to let down his net once more?
3. What made his net seem so heavy?
4. What did the fish promise in return for life?
5. What scolding did the fisherman get for returning the fish to the sea?
6. How did the fisherman defend himself?
7. Why did the fisherman's wife scold him for not making one wish?

8. Why was she dissatisfied when her first wish was granted?
9. Why was she not content when she received the new washtub?
10. What third wish was granted?
11. What tells us of the discontent of the fisherman's wife?
12. Explain the meaning of "My wife will not let me rest."
13. How did the rich wife now treat the poor fisherman?
14. What is shown of her in calling the fisherman a "clown"?
15. Why was she not content as an Empress?
16. What was her next wish?
17. Why did the fisherman hesitate to tell the gold fish of the wish?
18. Why did not the fish come at once at the call?
19. Why did the fish dive down and disappear?
20. What did the old fisherman find on his return?
21. What was there about the last wish that caused all the trouble?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HAWTHORNE: The Golden Touch. The Snow-Image.
HANS ANDERSEN: The Bronze Bear. The Red Shoes. The Discontented Fir Tree.
CHOLLET: The Wishing-Gate.
HELEN HUNT JACKSON: Ballad of the Gold Country.
SCUDDER: The Image and the Treasure.
GRIMM BROTHERS: The Sleeping Beauty.
CARROLL: Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.
BUMSTEAD: The Quest.
JAPANESE FOLK-TALE: The Discontented Stonecutter.

THE DUEL

EUGENE FIELD was a lover of children and a loved playmate of his own children and of those of the neighborhood. He told many stories and wrote many poems to amuse his young friends. He knew how much some children like to fight and how little comes of fighting. It is said that his children asked over and over again for the story of the awful fight between the gingham dog and the calico cat. Finally, he wrote it for them in the form of a poem called "The Duel," which has pleased all the children of the land.

Many of the more thoughtful young readers of the poem think they see in it more than fun. They think that the author, with a sly wink, gave them the real fun-story they wanted, and also a story of what comes from quarreling or fighting.

THE DUEL *

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half past twelve, and (what do you
think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!

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The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "O dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw —
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't fancy I exaggerate!
I got my views from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat,
They found no trace of the dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole the pair away!

But the truth about the cat and the pup
Is this: They ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(The old Dutch clock it told me so.
And that is how I came to know.)

— *Eugene Field.*

NOTES

1. Tell some of the most interesting events in the life of Eugene Field.
2. Tell what other poems of Eugene Field you like.
3. *The Duel.* A fight between two persons usually following an injury done or an insult offered by one to the other.
4. *Littered.* Filled with tiny bits.
5. *Exaggerate.* Overstate the truth.
6. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: gingham (gĭng′ăm), calico (kăl′ĭ-kō), appeared (ă-pērd′), terrible (tĕr′ĭ-b'l), stāte, littered (lĭt′ẽrd), chĭm′ney (nĭ), dreaded (drĕd′ĕd), dê-clâres′, wailed (wāl'd), wallowed (wŏl′ō'd), tŭm′bled, ĕm-ploy′ĭng, exaggerate (ĕg-zăj′ẽr-āt), trāce, bûr′glars (glẽrs).
7. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
   (*b*) It always dreaded a family row.
   (*c*) The Chinese plate looked very blue,
   And wailed, "O dear! What shall we do!"
   (*d*) But the gingham dog and the calico cat
   Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
   Employing every tooth and claw
   In the awfullest way you ever saw.

EXERCISES

1. What led the author to write this poem?
2. Who are the leading actors in the poem?
3. Who is speaking?
4. Whence did the speaker get his information?
5. How could he have gotten it from them?
6. What first hints of the coming fight?
7. What shows us how severe the fight was?
8. What were these creatures fighting about?
9. What was the outcome of the fight?
10. Why do you think the poem did not tell the cause of the fight?
11. If the gingham dog and the calico cat were persons, what kind of persons would they be?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LEAR: The Owl and the Pussy-Cat. The Pobble Who Has No Toes. The Duck and the Kangaroo.
HOWITT: The Spider and the Fly.
ÆSOP: The Lamp and the Sun. The Ant and the Cricket.
BANGS: The Little Elf.
FIELD: Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.
RILEY: Little Orphant Annie.
STEVENSON: My Shadow. The Land of Storybooks.
ASPENWALL: The Flannel Rooster. The Iron Dog.

THE MILLS OF GOD

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience stands He waiting,
With exactness grinds He all.

— *Friedrich von Logau.*

THINKING ONLY OF MYSELF

OTHER people like praise and help as much as we do. We like to be given fine presents. We like folk to do things for us. Sometimes we forget that others like all these things. Then we become selfish. No one likes a selfish person, but everyone admires those who help others. Here is an old story of how a poor selfish man learned what good comes from thinking of others and helping them.

THINKING ONLY OF MYSELF *

Once there was a man that thought his whole duty was in serving himself. This he did, and became very poor.

In fact, the more he toiled, the poorer he became. At last he found himself, his wife, and his children without a single cent.

So he went to a wise man to seek his fate. This wise man lived in a forest temple far, far away, and the journey to this temple was rough and dangerous.

In the jungle the poor man met a camel with two sacks of treasure on his back. "Where are you going?" asked the camel.

* Used by the courteous permission of *The Youth's Companion.*

"To seek my fate," said the man.

"Ask mine, too," said the camel. "I was lost from the caravan, and I have carried these sacks of gold on my back for twelve years. I cannot lie down. Ask mine, too."

"I will," said the man. And he went on.

Then he came to a wide river in which was a great alligator.

"Take me across," said the man.

"I will," said the alligator. "Where are you going?"

"To seek my fate."

"Ask mine, too. For twelve years I have had a burning pain and cannot rest. Ask mine, too."

"I will," said the man. And he went on his way.

As he journeyed, he found a tiger lying in a thicket in great pain. He was surrounded by the treasures of the men he had eaten.

"Where are you going?" asked the tiger.

"To seek my fate."

"Ask mine, also, for I have had this thorn in my foot for twelve years. I cannot rest. Ask mine, also."

"I will," said the man.

At last the man reached the temple of fate.

"What do you here?" asked the wise old priest.

"I seek my fate. I have twelve children, and am very poor."

"Then you must have been living only for yourself. Think only of making others rich, and you will become rich yourself."

Then the man asked the fate of the camel.

"Take the sacks off his back, and both of you will be relieved. Why did you not do it before?"

"I was thinking only of myself," said the man.

Then he asked the fate of the alligator.

"Give him herbs," said the priest, "and both of you will be relieved. Why did you not do it before?"

"I was thinking only of myself." Then he asked the fate of the tiger.

"Take the thorn out of his foot, and both of you will be relieved. Why did you not think of that before?"

"I was thinking only of myself," said the man.

Then the man returned to the tiger.

"Have you found my fate?" asked the tiger.

The man drew the thorn out of the tiger's foot, and started to go on.

"Here, take the treasure," said the tiger. "I did not think of it before." So the man took the treasure, and hastened to the river where he had seen the alligator.

"Have you found my fate?" asked the alligator. "I am burning up."

The man found a few herbs, and gave them to the alligator. They made the alligator sick, and he cast up a ruby.

The man started on.

"Stop," said the alligator, "and take the ruby. It will make you rich."

The man took the ruby. He came at last to the camel.

"Have you found my fate?" asked the camel.

The man took the two sacks from the camel's back, and started on.

"Stop!" said the camel. "These sacks are full of gold. Take them, and both of us will be happy."

The man took the sacks of gold. By the time that he reached home, he was so rich that it took all his twelve children to help him to use his wealth.

This wealth was always used for the good of others, so that the man might not again become poor. And he never again did become poor.—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

NOTES

1. Hezekiah Butterworth was for many years one of the editors of *The Youth's Companion.* He wrote many interesting stories for young people. This story is rewritten from an old Hindoo legend.

2. *To seek his fāte.* To find from the wise man what to do to better his condition.
3. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: serving (sûr'vĭng), toiled, temple (tĕmp'l), dangerous (dān'jĕr-*us*), jungle (jŭŋ'g'l), treasure (trĕzh'ûr), caravan (kăr'a-văn), alligator (ăl'ĭ-gā'tĕr), journeyed (jûr'nĭd), sur-round'ed, thĭck'ĕt, priest (prēst), relieved (rē-lēv'd), herbs (ûrbs), ruby (roo̅b'ĭ).
4. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) So he went to a wise man to seek his fate.
   (*b*) He found a tiger lying in a thicket in great pain.
   (*c*) "I have had this thorn in my foot for twelve years."
   (*d*) "Give him herbs," said the priest, "and both of you will be relieved."
   (*e*) This wealth was always used for the good of others.

EXERCISES

1. What did this man think was his duty?
2. What happened as he toiled?
3. What did he decide to do?
4. What did the camel ask of him?
5. Why did the camel want to know its fate?
6. What request did the alligator make?
7. What did the tiger ask of the man?
8. What secret of becoming rich did the wise man give?
9. What did the man find to do for each of the animals?
10. Why had he not thought of this?
11. What happened when he helped the tiger?
12. What came from helping the alligator?
13. What came from helping the camel?
14. What lesson had the man learned?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.
LONGFELLOW: Santa Filomena.
LUKE X, 25–37: Story of the Good Samaritan.
NAYLOR: Dr. John Goodfellow — Office Upstairs.
PERRAULT: Cinderella.
ÆSOP: Lion and Mouse. The Dog in the Manger. The Lame Man and the Blind Man.
RICHARDS: The Golden Windows.
TOPELIUS: The Red Cottage.

SNOWFLAKES*

Little white feathers, filling the air —
Little white feathers! how came ye there?
"We came from the cloud-birds sailing so high;
They're shaking their white wings up in the sky."

Little white feathers, how swift you go!
Little white feathers, I love you so!
"We are swift because we have work to do;
But hold up your face, and we'll kiss you true."

— *Mary Mapes Dodge.*

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HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

WHEN the summer flowers are gone, we love the red and yellow and brown of the autumn leaves. The rustling leaves, the crisp air, and the ripened fruit tell us that winter is coming. Perhaps the cold rains and the falling leaves would not make us so sad if we could understand the author's meaning in the following poem. The poet here shows us the meaning of the falling leaves.

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN *

I'll tell you how the leaves came down,—
The great Tree to his children said,
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time you went to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief,
'T is such a very pleasant day
We do not want to go away."

So, just for one merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way,

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IN AUTUMN

Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among,

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret,"
But the great Tree did no such thing,
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children all, to bed," he cried,
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped up on her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said;
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed."

— *Susan Coolidge.*

NOTES

1. Read Henry Ward Beecher's *The Anxious Leaf.*
2. Tell of collections of autumn leaves you have seen or made. Tell how the leaves of each of the common trees change after frost.

3. *Ere the leaves could urge their prayer.* Before they could tease or coax to be left on the tree longer.
4. Have the children study the poem carefully, then prepare to act it. One should be chosen as the tree, others as red leaves, brown leaves, yellow leaves, and "one from far away with white bedclothes upon her arm." The children will take pride in acting out the poem to show their idea of its meaning.
5. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: chĭld′rēn, slēēp′ў, begged (bĕg'd), sĭl′lў, pout′ĭng, bē-hōld′, pleasant (plĕz′ănt), clŭng, frolicked (frŏl′ĭkt), autumn (ô′tŭm), whĭs′pēr-ĭng, among (ȧ-mŭng′), fôr-gĕt', coax (cōx), ûrge, prayer (prār), flŭt′tēr-ĭng, rustling (rŭs′lĭng), spĕd, huddled (hŭd''ld), swärm, bĕd′clōthes, murmured (mŭr′mŭrd).
6. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) It is quite time you went to bed.
   (*b*) We do not want to go away.
   (*c*) Just for one merry day to the great Tree the leaflets clung.
   (*d*) But the great Tree did no such thing.
   (*e*) Far and wide, fluttering and rustling everywhere down sped the leaflets through the air.

EXERCISES

1. How many things tell us of autumn?
2. What did the tree say to his leaf children?
3. What did the leaves do and say?
4. What then happened "for one merry day"?
5. What did the little leaves now think?
6. Why did the great tree smile?
7. What did he next say to the leaves?

8. What then happened to the leaves?
9. Who was the "one from far away" coming to cover them with white bedclothes?
10. Why are the leaves now so pleased?
11. If these leaves were children, what kind of children would they be at bedtime?
12. Tell in your own words how leaves come down.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BEECHER: The Anxious Leaf.
LONGFELLOW: A Rainy Day. Autumn.
THOMAS: Talking in Their Sleep.
SAVAGE: Only a Leaf.
GOULD: The Frost.
SHERMAN: Leaves at Play.
COOPER: The Wind and the Leaves.
WORDSWORTH: The Kitten and the Falling Leaves.

FERN SONG *

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
  And say, "Tho' the sun
  Hath my vesture spun,
He had labored, alas, in vain,
  But for the shade
  That the Cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."
  Then laugh and upturn
  All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

— *John Banister Tabb.*

* From the Poems of John B. Tabb and used by the courteous permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Incorporated.

THE HONEST INDIAN

BOYS who *play Indian* think of Indians only as cruel, tricky fighters. The Indians have long been thought of as cunning and dishonest. After all, Indians are like white men in many ways, and we are glad to read the story of an "honest Indian." The Indian in this story showed himself the equal in honesty of any white man.

THE HONEST INDIAN

An old Indian once bought some things from a white man who kept a store.

When he got back to his wigwam, and opened his bundle, he found some money inside of it.

"Good luck!" thought the old Indian to himself, "I will keep this money. It will buy many things."

He went to bed, but he could not sleep. All night long he kept thinking about the money.

Over and over again, he thought, "I will keep it." But something within him seemed to say, "No, you must not keep it; that would not be right."

Early the next morning, he went back to the white man's store.

"Here is some money," said he. "I found it in my bundle."

"Why did you not keep it?" asked the storekeeper.

"There are two men inside of me," replied the Indian.

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. G. COOK

THE INDIAN AND HIS WIGWAM

"One said, 'Keep it. You found it. The white man will never know.'

"The other said, 'Take it back! Take it back! It is not yours! You have no right to keep it!'

"Then the first one said, 'Keep it! Keep it!'

"But the other kept saying, 'No, no! Take it back! Take it back!'

"The two men inside of me talked all night. They would not let me sleep.

"I have brought the money back. Now the two men will stop talking. To-night I shall sleep."— *Old Indian Tale.*

NOTES

1. Bring to class other Indian stories you have heard or read.
2. Have some member of the class describe an Indian. If possible bring in pictures of Indians.
3. Be prepared to pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: wĭg'wam (wôm), bŭn'dle, re-plied (plīd), In'dĭ ăn, thĭnk'ĭng, some'thĭng, seemed, brought (brôt).
4. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) All night long he kept thinking about the money.
   (*b*) I found it in my bundle.
   (*c*) Why did you not keep it?
   (*d*) The two men inside of me talked all night.
   (*e*) Now the two men will stop talking.

EXERCISES

1. Why did the Indian at first think he would keep the money?
2. Why could he not sleep?
3. Why did he think over and over, "I will keep it"?
4. Then why did he not keep it?

5. What shows that the storekeeper was surprised when the money was returned?
6. How did the Indian explain why he brought the money back?
7. Who were the two men?
8. Why would the *two men* now *stop talking*?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BALDWIN: Pocahontas. Cincinnatus. Regulus.
Daniel Webster's First Case.
SPRAGUE: The Fate of the Indians.
BRYANT: The African Chief.
HUNTER: The Indian's Death Song.
ÆSOP: The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf.
KIPLING: The Law of the Jungle. I Keep Six Honest Serving Men.

WONDERFUL

Is n't it wonderful, when you think,
How a little seed asleep,
Out of the earth new life will drink,
And carefully upward creep?
A seed, we say, is a simple thing,
The germ of a flower or weed,—
But all Earth's workmen, laboring,
With all the help that wealth could bring,
Never could make a seed.

— *Julian S. Cutler.*

THANKSGIVING DAY

BIG dinners with roast turkey, jam, pumpkin pie, and steaming plum puddings make many of us look forward with wild joy to the happy Thanksgiving time. All the pleasures we enjoy are our finest expressions of thanks for life and home and peace and plenty.

The earliest harvest Thanksgiving was kept by the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth in the year 1621. Their Thanksgiving was a great week of feasting and worship as a sign of their appreciation of God's blessings in the new land. In an old account of this first festival we read:

"Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men out fowling, so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruits of our labors. They killed in one day so much fowl (wild turkey) as, with a little help besides, served the company almost a week."— *Mourt's Relation.*

Ninety Indians with their chief Massasoit were feasted by the colonists, the Indians themselves supplying "five deer and a great store of turkeys."

For many years thereafter, Thanksgiving was observed frequently. Congress recommended

an annual Thanksgiving during the Revolution and a special Thanksgiving in 1784 for the return of peace. Washington set aside a Thanksgiving day in 1789 after the adoption of the constitution and another in 1795 for the general welfare of the people. Madison proclaimed a special day in 1815 for the peace following the War of 1812. Since 1863, the President has issued annual proclamations setting aside the last Thursday in November as a day of general thanksgiving for personal and national blessings.

In the following poem, the author has kept the rollicking spirit of Thanksgiving as that festival lives fresh and sweet in the heart of every child. The spirit of the great New England family festival is nowhere else so faithfully shown.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we'll go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose
As over the ground we go.

THROUGH THE WOOD

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a jolly play;
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow;
It is so hard to wait.

Over the river and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

— *Lydia Maria Child.*

NOTES

1. Tell all you can of the customs observed on Thanksgiving Day.
2. What games are usually played then?
3. How many things have you seen people do that tell you they appreciate the meaning of Thanksgiving?

4. Tell all you can of Thanksgiving in other lands.
5. *Dăp'ple gray.* Gray with spots or patches of a different shade.
6. Read the following slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) It stings the toes and bites the nose.
   (*b*) Trot fast, my dapple gray!
   (*c*) Spring over the ground like a hunting hound!
   (*d*) Is the pudding done?
7. Be prepared to pronounce and give meanings of as here used: grănd'fä'thēr, sleigh (slā), drĭft'ĕd, stĭngs, hŭnt'ĭng, hound, grănd'mother (mŭ'thēr), pudding (po͝od'ĭng), pŭmp'kĭn, straight (strāt), ĕx-trēme'lў.

EXERCISES

1. Tell the story of the first Thanksgiving.
2. Give briefly the history of Thanksgiving as a great national feast day.
3. What does the first stanza of the poem tell of a common Thanksgiving practice?
4. What experiences of the trip to Grandfather's are given?
5. Why say "Trot fast, my dapple gray"?
6. Why "spring over the ground"?
7. Why did they seem to go "extremely slow"?
8. Who is speaking in the poem?
9. Why should the speaker exclaim, "Hurrah for the fun"?
10. Why should he be so enthusiastic about the pudding and the pumpkin pie?
11. Select from the poem all the expressions that tell how happy the speaker was.
12. Why do you think children like this Thanksgiving poem the best of all?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ALDRICH: Thanksgiving Day.
ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON: The First Thanksgiving Day.
EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD: Margie's Thanksgiving.
BUTTERWORTH: The Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor.
PHŒBE CARY: Thanksgiving.
EATON: Farmer John's Thanksgiving.
HANNAH E. GAREY: Thanksgiving.
GUNTERMAN: The First Thanksgiving.
HAVERGAL: Thanksgiving.
MARGARET SANGSTER: Thanksgivin' Pumpkin Pies. Elsie's Thanksgiving.
SHURTLEFF: The Old Thanksgiving Days.
WHITTIER: The Pumpkin. Harvest Hymn. Thanksgiving Ode.
ALCOTT: An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving.
STODDARD: Polly's Thanksgiving.

POPCORN SONG*

In they drop with a click, clack, click,
Kernels so hard and yellow;
'Round they whirl with a hop, skip, hop,
Each little dancing fellow.
Up they leap, with a snap, crack, snap,
Tossing so light and airy;
Out they pour with a soft, swift rush,
Snowballs fit for a fairy.

— *Sophia T. Newman.*

* Used by the courteous permission of N. F. Bigelow, editor of *Good Housekeeping*, in which the poem originally appeared.

THANKSGIVING DAY

WITH all the fun and good things to eat, we almost forget the real meaning of Thanksgiving Day. In this poem, Eugene Field has told us all we ever dreamed of Thanksgiving fun and good things. He believed that only happy persons enjoyed Thanksgiving. The poem fairly makes our mouths water for turkey, jam, and pie, but tells us how we come to have all the fun and good things and why we set aside the day.

THANKSGIVING DAY *

Pies of pumpkin, apple, mince,
Jams and jellies, peach and quince,
Purple grapes and apples red,
Cakes and nuts and gingerbread —
That's Thanksgiving.

Turkey! Oh, a great big fellow!
Fruits all ripe and rich and mellow,
Everything that's nice to eat,
More than I can now repeat —
That's Thanksgiving.

* Used by the courteous permission of, and by special arrangement with, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Lots and lots of jolly fun,
Games to play and races run,
All as happy as can be —
For this happiness you can see
Makes Thanksgiving.

We must thank the One who gave
All the good things that we have:
That is why we keep the day
Set aside, our mothers say,
For Thanksgiving.

— *Eugene Field.*

NOTES

1. See the introduction to Child's *Thanksgiving Day* for a history of the first Thanksgiving.
2. Tell of how people observe Thanksgiving in the churches. In the schools.
3. What do you know of how Thanksgiving Day is observed in other lands?
4. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: Thanksgiving (thăŋks′gĭv′ĭng), pŭmp′kĭn, quince (kwĭns), pûr′ple, gĭn-gēr-bread, tûr′key, mellow (mĕl′ō), rē-peat′ (pēt), hăp′pĭ-nĕss, *a*-sīde, mothers (mŭth′ĕrs).
5. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) Pies of pumpkin, apple, mince.
   (*b*) Everything that's nice to eat.
   (*c*) For this happiness you can see
   Makes Thanksgiving.
   (*d*) We must thank the One who gave
   All the good things that we have.
   (*e*) That is why we keep the day set aside.

EXERCISES

1. What fun do we have on Thanksgiving?
2. What good things to eat are connected with Thanksgiving?
3. Why does the poet say, "More than I can now repeat"?
4. What games or other fun are connected with Thanksgiving?
5. How does this happiness make Thanksgiving?
6. Who is really to be thanked for the good things we have?
7. Why is one day set aside each year as Thanksgiving Day?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

CHILD: Thanksgiving Day.
BROTHERTON: The First Thanksgiving.
PHŒBE CARY: Thanksgiving.
EATON: Farmer John's Thanksgiving.
ALDRICH: Thanksgiving Day.
SANGSTER: Thanksgivin' Pumpkin Pies.
WHITTIER: Harvest Hymn.
CURTIS: The Doll's Thanksgiving.
BIGHAM: Little Wee Pumpkin's Thanksgiving.

STRENGTH FOR THE HOUR

No man can choose what coming hours may bring
To him of need, of joy, of suffering;
But what his soul shall bring unto each hour
To meet its challenge — this is in his power.

— *Priscilla Leonard.*

AN INDIAN'S SHARP EYES

MOST of us have not sharp eyes like the Indian's. He lives out of doors and uses his eyes. He notices everything about him. That is one reason why he is so sharp-witted. This is the story of how an Indian, who knew how to use his eyes, found that a little, old, lame, white man, whom he had never seen, stole a deer from the wigwam.

AN INDIAN'S SHARP EYES

Indians are close observers. One day an Indian was out looking after his traps. On his return he found a deer had been stolen from his wigwam. He determined to find the thief. He examined at once everything in and about the wigwam.

Following the trail of the thief, he met a party of white men. He asked them if they had seen a little old white man who was lame and had a short gun. They answered "No."

The Indian then added, "The man I am seeking has also a short-tailed dog, and he is carrying off a deer that he has stolen from my wigwam."

At this the men laughed and asked, "Why didn't you seize him when you saw him?"

"I did not see him," answered the Indian.

"How do you know, then, that he is little, and old, and lame, and white, and has a short gun and a bob-tailed dog?"

"I know he is short," replied the Indian, "because he piled up wood and stones to take the deer down. He is old because his steps are short. His tracks also show that he is lame; the footprints of his left foot are lighter than those of his right.

"I know his gun is short because I saw a scratch where he had leaned it against a tree. I saw where his dog, sitting in the sand, had left the print of a stumpy tail. I know he is a white man from his tracks and because he wore boots."

The white men were surprised at how much the Indian knew about a robber whom he had never seen or even heard of. The white men at once offered to help the Indian hunt the thief and it was not long until the thief was caught and punished.—*Old Indian Tale.*

NOTES

1. Read the old story of "The Lost Camel."
2. Observation tests: Does a sparrow walk or hop? How many legs has a spider? How many wings has a fly? A bee? How does a cow get up? A horse? What other careful observations have you made?

3. Measure on your desk or on the floor: two feet, one foot, six inches, one inch. Draw on paper a rectangle the size of a five-dollar bill. A circle the size of a penny. One the size of a silver dollar.

4. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: Indians (ĭn′dĭ-ănz), observers (ŏb-zûr′vẽrz), wĭg′wam (wôm), determined (dẽ-tûr′mĭnd), sēēk′ĭng, examined (ĕg-zăm′ĭnd), seize (sēz), bŏb′-tailed, sûr-prised′ (prīzd), rŏb′bẽr, capture (kăp′tûr).

5. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) He found a deer had been stolen from his wigwam.
   (*b*) The man I am seeking has also a short-tailed dog.
   (*c*) Why didn't you seize him when you saw him?
   (*d*) He is old because his steps are short.
   (*e*) His tracks also show that he is lame.

EXERCISES

1. Why do you think Indians are close observers?
2. What did this Indian miss on returning from his traps?
3. What question did he ask the white men?
4. What further picture of the thief did he give?
5. What question did the white men ask?
6. How did the Indian explain that he knew the thief was little, old, lame, white, and had a short gun and a bob-tailed dog?
7. What offer did the white men make?
8. What came of the Indian using his eyes?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ANONYMOUS: The Lost Camel.
SAXE: The Blind Men and the Elephant.
DOYLE: Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes.
BUNNER: One, Two, Three.
KIPLING: The Law of the Jungle.

THE CORN SONG

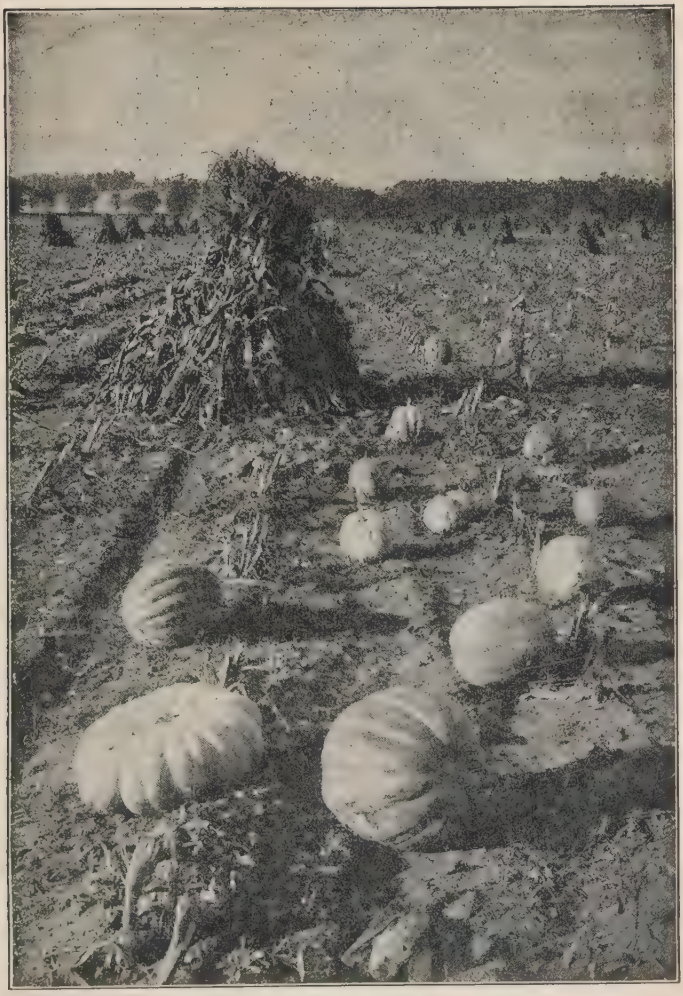
THE Indians grew the first corn. That is why it is called Indian corn. When Columbus discovered America, he found the Indians growing corn, or maize (māz). He took some of the corn back to Spain. From there, Indian corn spread slowly over the whole of Europe. When the early colonists first came to America, they were glad to trade with the Indians for corn. Before Whittier's time, corn had become one of the principal products of the Eastern States. It is now one of the most valuable products of the whole country.

In this poem the poet has told of corn as it appealed to New Englanders of his day.

THE CORN SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
  Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
  From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
  The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
  The cluster from the vine;



PHOTOGRAPH BY KABEL

Our Wealth of Golden Corn

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

NOTES

1. It will be interesting to find how much corn is produced in the United States, and to find what states produce it in largest quantity.

2. Find from older folk the story of the old-fashioned husking bee.
3. Make a list of all the articles now made from corn.
4. *Wintry hoard* (*hōrd*). A supply laid up for winter.
5. *Lăv'ĭsh hŏrn.* A horn was the symbol of the Goddess of Plenty, who could pour from it anything she chose. Autumn is here likened to the Goddess.
6. *Meads* (*mēds*). Meadows.
7. *The fabled gift Apollo showered of old.* The Greek god Apollo was the giver of good laws. He brought the warm spring and summer and the blessings of harvest.
8. *Văp'ĭd.* Dull, lifeless.
9. *Lŏll.* To sit lazily.
10. *Sămp.* The word comes from the Indian word *nasàump*, porridge made from unparched meal — here used to mean a mush made from coarse cornmeal.
11. *Hōmespŭn beauty.* Beautiful girls dressed in homespun clothes, or clothes made from cloth woven at home.
12. *The fly.* The Hessian fly which destroys the wheat.
13. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of as here used, and use in sentences of your own: autumn (ô'tŭm), exulting (ĕg-zŭlt'ĭng), glean (glēn), glŏs'sy, clŭs'tēr, vāles, rŭg'gĕd, här'vĕst, furrows (fûr'os), frightened (frīt' 'nd), sprout'ĭng, frŏst'ĕd, showered (shou'ĕrd), knead (nēd), hearth (härth), fŏl'lў, härd'y, mildew (mĭl'dŭ), blight (blīt), orchard (ôr'chērd), *à*-dôrn', trŏd.
14. Read slowly and distinctly:
    (*a*) Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
    (*b*) We better love the hardy gift
    Our rugged vales bestow.

(*c*) And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.
(*d*) We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.
(*e*) Let earth withhold her goodly root.

EXERCISES

1. Tell where Indian corn was first found.
2. How does Whittier think corn compares with the fruits?
3. Tell the four steps in raising corn as he gives them.
4. What is the "soft and yellow hair" of the corn?
5. What does the poet think is better than the costliest food?
6. Why does corn seem richer than the gift of Apollo?
7. What was "homespun beauty"?
8. Why does he think the earth should be thanked?
9. Why thank the farmer girls?
10. What is the meaning of the stanza beginning "Then shame . . ."?
11. What other crops does the poet think we could better do without?
12. Why is he so thankful for corn?
13. How important is corn to-day?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WHITTIER: The Huskers. The Pumpkin.
ALLERTON: Walls of Corn.
RILEY: When the Frost is on the Pumpkin.
PROCTER: The Republic's Emblem.
EVERETT: The Farmer's Gold.
JACKSON: September. October.
BISHOP: The Corn Song.
ROSSETTI: A Green Cornfield.

HOW ALL THE ANIMALS TRIED TO MAKE MAN

AN old Indian story tells us that all the other animals were made long before man. Each of them tried to be master of the world but failed. At last they all came together to make a being called Man who should be strong enough and wise enough to be master over all other creatures. Coyote called the meeting and acted as chairman. Around him in a circle were Lion, Bear, Deer, Sheep, Fish, Eagle, Owl, Mole, Mouse, and all the other animals. Here is a report of their meeting telling just how the Indians say these animals made *Man.*

HOW ALL THE ANIMALS TRIED TO MAKE MAN *

Coyote: We must make Man. How shall we do it?

Lion [*roaring*]: That is very simple. Give him a mighty voice to frighten all the animals, and strong paws, and big sharp teeth. Then he will be master of the world. Never fear!

Mouse [*shrinking away*]: Oh, oh, oh!

* Dramatized from Marion F. Lansing's "How All the Animals Tried to Make Man," from "Dramatic Readings for Schools" by The Macmillan Company, and used by the courteous permission of the author and the publishers.

Bear [*growling*]: Not at all. It is perfectly ridiculous to have such a great voice. Half the time it frightens the prey so that it has time to get away and hide. Let this Man be one who moves quietly and swiftly. And let him have great strength to hold what he captures.

Deer [*interrupting*]: But think how foolish he would look without antlers to fight with. [*Lion roars and Bear growls.*] I agree with Bear that there is no sense in giving him a roaring voice. I should pay less attention to his throat and more to his ears and eyes. Let us make his ears as sensitive as a spider's web, and his eyes like coals of fire.

Sheep: Ba-a! ba! What is the use of antlers? They always catch in the thickets. Let us roll up the antlers into little horns on either side of his head. That will give his head weight and make him able to butt harder. Then give him thick hair to keep him warm.

Fish: No, no! give him skin instead of hair, and let him live in the water.

Coyote: You animals have no brains. Each of you wants man to be just like yourself. You might as well take one of your own children and call it Man.

Lion [*interrupting*]: Then take mine and call it Man.

Coyote [*not seeming to hear*]: For my part I

know that I am not the best animal that can be made. Of course, I wish Man to have four legs like myself, and five toes. But Bear's toes spread out straight so that he can stand on two feet. That is a good way. I want Man's toes to be spread out like Bear's.

Bear: Yes, yes; give him toes like mine!

Sheep: And four legs like mine!

Beaver: And a broad tail like mine!

Coyote: Man had better have no tails, for tails are good only for fleas to ride on. He may have a voice like Lion's, but he need not roar all the time. He need not have thick hair. That would only be a burden. Look at Fish. He has no hair, and is comfortable under the hottest sun. So I want Man's skin to be like the skin of Fish.

Eagle: He will need claws like mine!

Deer: What about ears and eyes?

Coyote [*continuing*]*:* As to claws, they *should* be like Eagle's, so that he can carry things. Deer's eyes and ears are good, and his throat, too. So I would make Man with ears and eyes and throat like Deer's.

Deer: Friend Coyote, why not take my child for Man?

Coyote [*not noticing*]*:* Then there is one more thing. No animal beside myself has wit enough to rule the world. So I must give Man some of

my own wit, making him crafty, and cunning, and wise, like me.

Beaver: Well, well, it is all foolishness to make Man without a broad tail. How could he haul mud and sand to build his house without a tail to carry it on?

Owl: And I think it is perfectly senseless not to think of giving him wings. I cannot see of what use anything on earth would be without wings.

Mole [*sniffing*]: Pu-u-u! It is senseless to have wings. They bump you against the sky. And eyes are useless, too. The sun only burns them. It would be better to give Man soft fur and let him cuddle down in the cool, moist earth.

Mouse [*in squeaky voice*]: Living in the earth is the worst nonsense of all. He would have to creep into the sunshine to get warm. And he needs eyes to see what he is eating.

Lion: He must have a loud voice, I say, and stout paws and big sharp teeth!

Bear: I say, great strength, and toes like mine!

Sheep: Horns and thick hair!

Owl: Oo-reech-oo!

Coyote: Stop your noise! You may all go home. I will make Man myself.

All Animals [*quarreling and breaking up council*]: I'll make Man myself!

[*Animals rush quarreling and snapping to the clay bank. Each begins to model a figure. At sundown, all slept but Coyote. Coyote destroys all the other models, then finishes his own.*]

Coyote: Waken, sleepyheads! Where is your work?

All Other Animals: Some one has destroyed my model while I slept. Coyote, you did it!

Coyote [*holding model up*]: Behold this work of my hand. It is as I have told you Man must be. *Let this figure live and be a man!*

NOTES

1. Read or tell to the class other stories of creation and how man came to be. See Genesis 1.
2. All peoples have stories telling of creation, changing seasons, the flood, sunrise and sunset, and other beautiful stories. See how many others of these stories you have read.
3. The children often like to select those that are to take the different parts. Before reading, let them do this. Each one should be master of his own part and know all the rest of the story.
4. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: coyote (kī-ō′tē), simple (sĭmp′ ′l), frighten (frīt′ ′n), ridiculous (rĭ-dĭk′ū lŭs), prey (prā), swift′ly, captures (kăp′tūrz), roaring (rōr′ĭng), attention (ă-tĕn′shŭn), sĕn′sĭ-tĭve, ănt′lērs, burden, (bûr′d′n), comfortable (kŭm′fĕr-tȧ-b′l), crăft′y, cŭn′nĭng, sĕnse′lĕss, nŏn′sĕnse.

5. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) Give him a mighty voice to frighten all the animals.
   (*b*) It is perfectly ridiculous to have such a great voice.
   (*c*) Let us make his ears as sensitive as a spider's web.
   (*d*) No animal beside myself has wit enough to rule the world.
   (*e*) They bump you against the sky.

EXERCISES

1. Where did this story come from?
2. Who are gathered in council?
3. For what purpose have they met?
4. What kind of *Man* does Lion want?
5. What does Bear think *Man* should have? Deer?
6. What does Sheep think? Beaver? Owl? Eagle? Mole?
7. What does the Coyote think *Man* should have?
8. What does the Coyote have that man most needs?
9. What did each of the animals decide to do?
10. How was *Man* made at last?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Genesis 1.

How the Indians First Obtained Fire — Old Indian Tale.

The Old Man Who Made Withered Trees to Flower — Japanese Folk-Tale.

McAlden: The Forest Full of Friends.

Teller: The Children of the Flood.

Buckley: The Fairyland of Science.

Comstock: Dramatic Version of Greek Myths—Phaëton, Perseus and Atlas, Theseus, Arion.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

WHEN snow comes and leaves and flowers are gone, everything in nature seems dead. Trees look dead. The grass seems dead. Flowers are nipped by Jack Frost. None of these are dead. They are only "asleep." When spring comes, they will awaken to new life. In this poem, the apple tree, the grass, and the tiny flower tell in turn of their winter "sleep" and of their coming awakening.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP *

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show —
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away —
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

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"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade;
But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here,—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

NOTES

1. In winter, examine branches of trees, the roots of grass, and various seeds. See if you can find life in them.
2. What becomes of squirrels, birds, and bees in winter?
3. *Quick grass.* Live grass.

4. *Plumy seed.* A downy seed.
5. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: mŏss′ĕs, wĭth′ered (ĕrd), blanket (blăn′kĕt), dancing (dăn′sĭng), plumy (plo͞om′ĭ), patient (pā′shĕnt).
6. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot.
   (*b*) But I pity the withered grass at my root.
   (*c*) I am safe and sound
   With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
   (*d*) Close I hide in a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
   (*e*) I shall laugh at you then
   Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.

EXERCISES

1. Who first speaks in the poem?
2. Why is the apple tree thought to be dead?
3. What tells you the time of year?
4. What is the tree really doing?
5. Why does the tree pity the grass?
6. Why does the grass seem dead?
7. Why does the grass pity the flower?
8. Why does the flower seem dead?
9. In what condition is it?
10. How can the flower in spring "laugh" at the grass?
11. What does this poem tell us about the "sleep" of trees, grass, and flowers?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Aldrich: Marjorie's Almanac.
Howitt: The Voice of Spring.
Brown: The Seed.

SETOUN: How the Flowers Grow.
BEECHER: The Anxious Leaf.
GOULD: The Frost.
COOLIDGE: How the Leaves Came Down.
ABBOTT: The Flower's Thanks.
COOPER: A Wonderful Weaver.

MOTHER SONG

Beat upon mine, little heart! beat, beat!
Beat upon mine! you are mine, my sweet!
All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your feet,
My sweet.

Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss!
For I give you this, and I give you this!
And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss!
Sleep!

Father and Mother will watch you grow,
And gather the roses whenever they blow,
And find the white heather wherever you go,
My sweet.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THE THREE BUGS

IN a game, one has to play by the rules. No one can do just as he pleases. If one cheats, refuses to be "out," or will not be "it" when it is his turn, children will not play with him. One cannot be selfish and "play fair." In the following poem, Alice Cary has told the story of bugs who would not "play fair" and of what happened to them.

THE THREE BUGS *

Three little bugs in a basket,
  And hardly room for two;
And one was yellow, and one was black,
  And one like me or you;
The space was small, no doubt, for all,
  So what should the three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
  And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
  The same as I or you.
So the strong one said, "We will eat the bread,
  And that's what we will do!"

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Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two could hold;
And so they fell to quarreling —
The white, the black, and the gold —
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold.

He that was left in the basket
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a shred to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew.

So there was war in the basket;
Ah! pity 't is, 't is true!
But he that was frozen and starved, at last
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both the bugs,
And killed and ate them, too!

Now when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree —
The black, the white, and the gold —
And share what comes of beds and crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold.

— *Alice Cary.*

NOTES

1. Alice Cary and her sister Phœbe Cary wrote many beautiful poems children like. They were born near Cincinnati, spent their earlier years on the old homestead, and later moved to New York. *The Clovernook Papers* (1853) and *The Clovernook Children* (1854) are beautiful tales of western life.
2. Tell what you have seen happen to those who did not "play fair."
3. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: bâs′kĕt, härd′ly, yĕl′low (ō), space (spās), crumbs (krŭmz), sĕl′fĭsh, quarreling (kwŏr′ĕl-ĭng), wĭth-out′, shrĕd, across (*a*-krŏs), frō′zen, stärved, strĕngth, weakness (wēk′nĕs).
4. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) Three little bugs in a basket.
   (*b*) So what should the three bugs do?
   (*c*) And all were selfish in their hearts.
   (*d*) And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
   And one was out in the cold.
   (*e*) But he that was frozen and starved, at last
   A strength from his weakness drew.

EXERCISES

1. What did the poet mean by "and one like me or you"?
2. How badly were the bugs crowded?
3. What food had they?
4. What kind of bugs were they?
5. Explain "The same as I or you" in stanza two.
6. How did the three bugs divide the beds?
7. What did the cold, starved bug do?
8. How did the quarrel come out?
9. What did the poet think would have been better than quarreling?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BUTTERWORTH: Thinking Only of Myself.
CARY: They Didn't Think. A Lesson of Mercy. That Calf.
PERRAULT: Cinderella.
COOLIDGE: The Robin and the Chicken.
ANDERSEN: The Discontented Fir Tree.
ÆSOP: Belling the Cat. The Dog and the Shadow. The Echo.
AN OLD HINDU TALE: The Quails.
DAYRE: Agreed to Disagree.
FIELD: Good Children Street.

HIAWATHA'S CHICKENS

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all the beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's brothers."

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

KING SOLOMON AND THE TWO MOTHERS

IN old times, the kings acted as judges and decided all disputes between the people. What the king said was law. If a king were not wise and good, the people could not get justice. Solomon, King of Israel, was known as the wisest man that ever lived. The story of his wisdom has come down to us. In the following story, two women claimed to be mothers of the same child. The clever way in which the wise King Solomon decided who was the real mother is told.

KING SOLOMON AND THE TWO MOTHERS

Once upon a time, two mothers lived together with their two tiny babies. One morning, one of the little children was found dead. Each mother now claimed the living child as her own. They disputed long and loud. The neighbors were drawn to the house by the angry words. It seemed impossible to tell who was the mother of the living child.

At last, both mothers decided to go to King

Solomon so that he could hear their stories and settle the dispute.

"The living is my son, and the dead is thy son," said the one.

"Nay, but the dead is thy son, and the living is my son," said the other. Thus they spoke before the king.

Each told her story, and each made so clever a case that none of the people who stood by could decide which of the women was the true mother. For a time, the king himself was perplexed, for from their stories, he could not decide.

But the wise king could read the heart of a mother. He said, "One says, 'This is my son that liveth and thy son *is* the dead'; the other says, 'Nay, but thy son is the dead, and my son *is* the living.' "

Then commanded King Solomon, "Bring me a sword," and they brought a sword before the king.

And the king said, "Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one, and half to the other."

One of the women answered, "Yea, great King, if I may not have the child, give me one half; for I would not that this other woman should have him."

But the other fell upon her knee and begged

the king saying, "O King, I pray thee, harm not the child. If I may not take him, give this woman the living child, but in no wise slay it."

Then the king answered and said, "Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it; for she is the true mother."— *Retold from the Bible.*

NOTES

1. This story is taken from I Kings iii, 16–28. King Solomon ruled Israel from 977 B.C. to 937 B.C. See I Kings, i–xi and II Chronicles i–ix.
2. Tell of other clever decisions you have known.
3. *Each made so clever a case.* Each told the story so well that it seemed true.
4. *In no wise.* By no means.
5. Pronounce distinctly, give meanings of as here used, and use in sentences of your own: claimed (clām'd), dĭs pūt'ed, ĭm-pŏs'sĭ-ble, dē cīd'ĕd, settle (sĕt'l), perplexed (pĕr plĕkst'), cŏm mănd'ĕd, swôrd, dĭ vīde', begged (bĕg'd).
6. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) The living is my son, and the dead is thy son.
   (*b*) The king himself was perplexed.
   (*c*) And they brought a sword before the king.
   (*d*) Divide the living child in two.
   (*e*) Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it.

EXERCISES

1. What was the cause of the dispute?
2. Why did it seem impossible to tell who was the true mother?
3. How did they decide to have the dispute settled?

4. What did each say to the king?
5. Why was the king perplexed?
6. What command did the king now give?
7. Why did he tell them to divide the child?
8. What answer did the first woman make?
9. What answer did the second woman make?
10. What was Solomon's decision?
11. How can you tell whether or not the decision was right?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Partial Judge. Socrates and His Friends. The Thief and the Boy.
MACDONALD: Baby.
RILEY: Babyhood.
GRIMM BROTHERS: Rumpel-Stilts-Kin.
ANDERSEN: The Real Princess. The Story of a Mother.
LONGFELLOW: The Children.
BROWNING: Pied Piper of Hamlin.
ISAACS: When Solomon Was King.

LIFE

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,— forenoon, and —
what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is life. Make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered and thy crown is won.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

THE SHADOWS

SHADOWS seem almost alive. Little children often try to step on shadows to hold them fast, and even try to run away from them. Some children are frightened at their shadows. They run into the house and find their shadows have gone. In this poem, the author has shown us the many pranks of shadows and has even told us what makes it all black when the lights are out.

THE SHADOWS *

All up and down in shadow-town
  The shadow children go;
In every street you're sure to meet
  Them running to and fro.

They move around without a sound,
  They play at hide and seek,
But no one yet that I have met
  Has ever heard them speak.

Beneath the tree you often see
  Them dancing in and out,
And in the sun there's always one
  To follow you about.

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Go where you will, he follows still,
Or sometimes runs before,
And, home at last, you'll find him fast
Beside you at the door.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KABEL

THE SHADOWS

A faithful friend is he to lend
His presence everywhere;
Blow out the light — to bed at night —
Your shadow-mate is there!

Then he will call the shadows all
Into your room to leap,
And such a pack! they make it black
And fill your eyes with sleep!

— *Frank Dempster Sherman.*

NOTES

1. Read Stevenson's "My Shadow" found in *A Child's Garden of Verses.*
2. Tell of shadow pictures you have made. How many different kinds can you make?
3. Why do shadows of buildings seem to grow tall? What are the shadows?
4. *Hide and seek.* The swift-moving shadows seem to be at play like children.
5. *Lĕnd his presence.* To be present.
6. *Shadow-māte.* One's shadow is with him so constantly, and so closely imitates every act, as to cause the poet to call it the *mate.*
7. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of and use in sentences of your own: shăd′ow (ō), rŭn′nĭng, move (mo͞ov), beneath (bē-nēth′), dăn′cĭng, bē-sīde′, faithful (fāth′fo͝ol), presence (prĕz′ĕns).
8. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) In every street you're sure to meet
   Them running to and fro.
   (*b*) They move around without a sound.
   (*c*) Go where you will, he follows still.
   (*d*) You'll find him fast beside you at the door.
   (*e*) They make it black and fill your eyes with sleep.

EXERCISES

1. What are the shadow children?
2. What is meant by their playing at hide and seek?
3. What is the one that follows you in the sun?
4. Why does he sometimes run before?
5. Why is he called "a faithful friend"?
6. Why does the poet call one's shadow his shadow-mate?

7. What does the poet say makes the room dark when the light is out?
8. What are shadows? How is the dark really made?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

STEVENSON: My Shadow. The Land of Nod. The Land of Counterpane.
ANDERSEN: The Candles.
DODGE: Sunny Days.
ASPINWALL: The Shadow.
RICHARDS: The Shadow.
TABB: The Shadow.
FIELD: The Night Wind.
RILEY: Little Orphant Annie.

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER

The bee buzzed up in the heat,
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
The flower said, "Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year.
So come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzzed down from the heat.

And the bee buzzed up in the cold,
When the flower was withered and old.
"Have you still any honey, my dear?"
She said, "It 's the fall of the year.
But come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzzed off in the cold.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

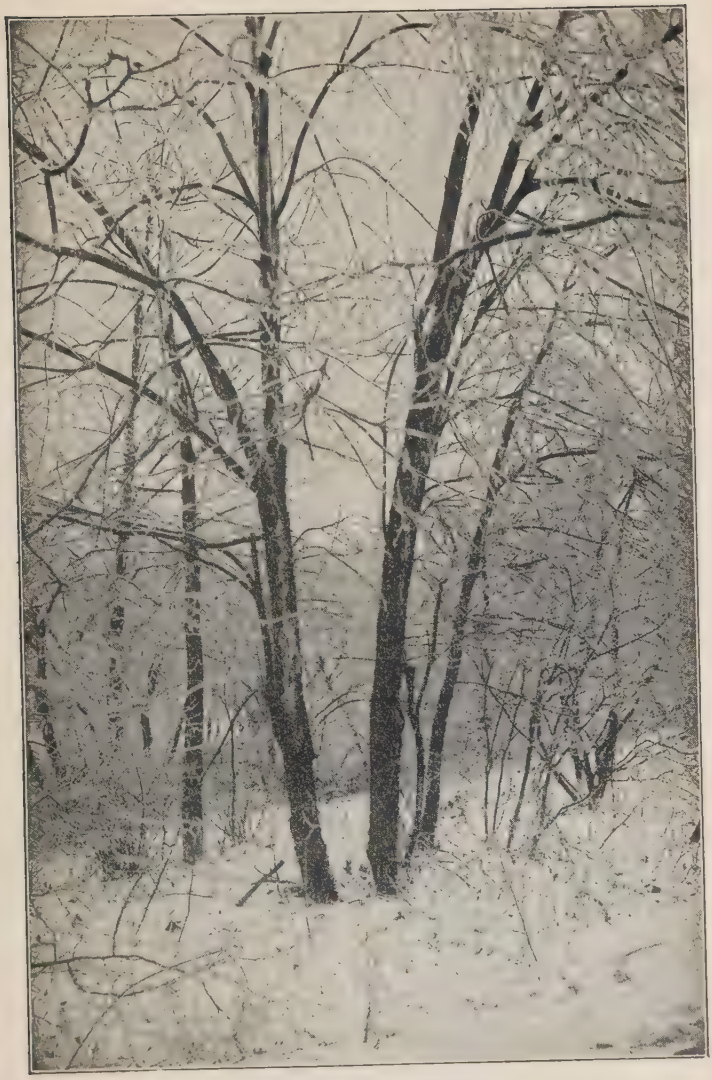
THE FROST

"JACK FROST" is the little mischief who "stings the toes and bites the nose" of everybody. From what we have known of him in winter, we can readily believe he plays all the pranks told of him in the following poem. Read the story and see how differently he works from the wind and the snow and the hail and the rain.

THE FROST

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train —
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain—
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamond beads; and over the breast



One Still Clear Night

Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear —
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities, and temples, and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
He went to the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare —
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And this glass of water they have left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I am drinking."

— *Hannah F. Gould.*

NOTES

1. Hannah Flagg Gould was an American author who was born at Lancaster, Massachusetts, in 1789 and died in 1865. She wrote poems and stories for magazines and newspapers. She also wrote a number of books. The one most interesting to young people is her *Hymns and Poems for Children.*
2. Tell of beautiful frost figures you have seen.
3. *Coat of mail.* A tight-fitting coat or jacket made of links of chain. The coat of mail was used to protect the body from spears and arrows.
4. *The downward point of many a spear.* This refers to the icicles hanging from the rocks on the lake shore.
5. *Bevies* (*bĕv'iz*). Groups.
6. *Tchick.* The sound made by the cracking glass as the water freezes.
7. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of as here used, and use in sentences of your own: height (hīt), blŭs'tĕr-ĭng, bustle (bŭs' 'l), powdered (pow'dĕrd), crĕst, diamond (dī *a*-mŭnd), quĭv'ĕr-ĭng, sheen, pĭtch'ĕr, cŏst'ly.
8. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) I will not go on like that blustering train.
   (*b*) He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed with diamond beads.
   (*c*) There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees.
   (*d*) But he did one thing that was hardly fair.
   (*e*) This costly pitcher I'll burst in three.

EXERCISES

1. What kind of night was it when the Frost went to work?
2. How does he work as compared with wind, snow, hail, and rain?

3. What was the *powder* on the mountain's crest?
4. What were the diamond beads on the tree boughs?
5. What was the lake's coat of mail?
6. What did he do on the windows of those who slept? Explain.
7. What is meant by "All pictured in silver sheen"?
8. What did he do that was hardly fair?
9. Just what happened in the cupboard?
10. Tell of the things you have known the Frost to do.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

THOMAS: Talking in Their Sleep.
COOPER: A Wonderful Weaver.
HOWLISTON: What Broke the China Pitcher.
BUTTS: Winter Night.
SHERMAN: The Snowbird. Wizard Frost.
WHITTIER: The Frost Spirit. Flowers in Winter.
RICHARDS: What Was Her Name!
POULSSON: Jack Frost and His Work.

CALICO PIE

Calico pie,
The little birds fly
Down to the calico-tree:
Their wings were blue,
And they sang "Tilly-loo!"
Till away they flew;
And they never came back to me!
They never came back, they never came back,
They never came back to me!

—*Edward Lear.*

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL

THE mere mention of "Christmas" sets every child heart a-thrill. Visions of Christmas trees, sugar plums, nuts, presents, and roast turkey come and go in wild succession. The thought of what he is going to receive is sometimes stronger than the thought of what he is going to give. At first, the child thinks only of his own joys, but soon he realizes that others, like himself, love good things. Then he resolves to "surprise" father, mother, sister, or even some poor boy whom others forget. Then Christmas is bigger and better.

In the story of The Christmas Angel, we are told how the selfish little princess Theodosia, guided by a beautiful angel, discovered the bigger, better Christmas, and learned for the first time the true message of the joyous Christmas bells.

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL *

Once upon a time there was a little princess named Theodosia. One morning she awoke very early and, as she lay in her soft bed, she heard the chiming of bells. She clapped her

* From *Man in the Moon and Other Stories* by Rossiter W. Raymond. Used by the courteous permission of the author.

hands and said: "How glad I am! I know what the bells are saying. It is Christmas morning!"

She was so eager that she forgot to say her prayers. She forgot to call good morning to the king, her father, and the queen, her mother. She slipped out of the bed and ran barefooted down the marble stairs into the great palace drawing-rooms to find what gifts the Christmas had brought her.

As she pushed open the heavy door, she heard a sound like the rustling of wings. It frightened her for a minute, but the Christmas bells rang clearly outside and gave her courage again. Presently she went boldly in. Ah, what a beautiful sight! It was not yet broad day, but there was a soft light in the vast room that seemed to come from a great white pearl that hung from the center of the ceiling.

"Ah!" thought Theodosia, "how I wish my presents might be pearls!"

Then she looked again, and saw around the hall tablets with golden letters, and on each was a name. There was the king's name, and the queen's name, and the name of every one of the royal household. Under each was a heap of beautiful gifts.

Her own name she could scarcely see, for it was at the other end of the long hall. She ran

toward it, saying to herself, "I don't care what other folks are going to have. I want to see my pretty gifts." At last she came to the tablet on which her name appeared. Alas! there was nothing under it, only a black leather bag. Upon it were these words, "This is for the selfish Theodosia."

Still she thought that perhaps it might contain something beautiful for her, and she quickly raised it from the floor. But it was locked, and there was no key. All she found was another inscription engraved in small, fine letters, in the steel of the lock,— "I am worth much to him who can open me!"

The poor little princess stamped her bare feet on the cold floor. She was ready to cry with vexation, only she was too proud. Suddenly she saw in one of the mirrors a dazzling and beautiful angel standing behind her. She was not frightened, for, even in the glass, she could see that he was gentle and kind. His garments were white as snow, and his face was fairer than the fairest picture ever thought of in a dream.

Little Theodosia began to grow calmer as she saw his soft, clear eyes fixed upon her. She turned to him at once and said, "I know who you are. You are the Christmas Angel."

Strange to say, at that moment she perceived

that the great pearl no longer hung from the center of the ceiling, but shone upon the angel's brow.

He smiled a smile like sunshine, and then grew very grave and sad.

"Poor child!" he said, "you do not know the secret that unlocks all treasures. But if you will come with me, we will find some one who can tell us."

Then he held out his hand, and Theodosia put her hand in it at once, for she had no fear of him. Out through the door they went, and out through the great archway of the palace into the wide, wide world. It seemed to Theodosia that her feet scarcely touched the ground. In one hand she grasped tightly the mysterious bag, and every little while she looked up at the beautiful face of the angel, upon whose brow the great pearl shone like a star.

As they passed through the quiet streets, they saw few people stirring. And as they walked, the angel began to tell her the old sweet story of the first Christmas Day, and of the Christmas gift of the child Jesus which the dear God made to the world He loved. He told how the kings and wise men came from far countries with rich offerings in their hands, and how the angels sang for joy.

Theodosia looked up and said timidly, "And

were you there?" The angel seemed to be looking at some fair vision a long way off, as he said, low and sweetly, "Yes, I was there."

Then the angel went on to tell how lovely was the child Jesus, so that all who looked upon Him, loved Him and began to love one another also. And then he said, "Little Theodosia, do you know the meaning of Christmas?" Theodosia was silent. Presently she took courage and said, "I know it means that Jesus is born into the world."

And the Christmas bells sounded, and sounded, and seemed to say, "Peace on earth and good will toward men."

By and by the angel stopped at a low cottage, and opened the door. They went into the poor, cheerless room, but they were not seen. As for Theodosia, the angel covered her with a corner of his robe.

There was a tallow candle burning on the table, and a pale woman sat by it. She was sewing on a piece of work which she had risen early in the day to accomplish. A little boy had crawled from his miserable bed in the corner, and was trying to light a fire of chips and cinders gathered in the street. He was crying silently from cold and hunger. And the pale mother lifted her eyes to heaven, and murmured over and over again, as if it were the only prayer she

could remember, "Give us this day our daily bread."

Theodosia had never heard of such misery. All her little troubles melted from her mind, and she thought, "Oh, why can I not do something to help these poor people!" She could not bear to wait until she could ask the king to help them.

Just then she looked down, and behold! the bag had opened a little way of itself. Within, she saw the gleam of silver money. In an instant, and before it shut altogether again, she scattered a handful of money in the room.

Wonderful to tell, the silver shower never struck the floor, but seemed to vanish in mid-air. And lo! a bright fire went leaping up the chimney, and on the table was food in plenty, and the little boy and his happy mother were thanking God, and blessing the unknown benefactor. As the angel led the happy Theodosia away, she thought the Christmas bells were saying, "Naked, and ye clothed me; hungry, and ye gave me meat; verily I say unto you, ye did it unto me!"

It was broad daylight now. Theodosia and the angel soon found themselves in an upper chamber, in another part of the city. There were a dozen little children in the room. They had scraps of newspaper and one or two tattered

books from which they were learning to read and spell.

In the midst stood the teacher, a poor young factory girl. She taught the little ones of the neighborhood every morning at daybreak, before going to her work. She did this because she would not let them go ignorant for want of her help.

Theodosia heard her say: "Now let us go through our lesson quickly. Then we will all go and have a Christmas holiday, looking at the fine things in the stores and the pretty ladies in the street. Who knows? Perhaps the king and the queen and the princess may ride by."

When Theodosia heard that, she thought, "How I should like to help these little ones! They have no pleasure but in looking at the pleasure of other people." The bag opened halfway of itself, and she saw there was gold in it.

For a moment she hesitated. "With this gold," she thought, "I could buy myself a necklace of pearls that I wish so much to have!"

Just then the bag began slowly to shut up again. Theodosia gave one look at the little children, and quickly drew from it all the gold, which she scattered in the room.

The room changed by magic into a beautiful

schoolroom. The happy children were wreathing it in green. The teacher, no longer a poor factory girl, but a fair and gentle woman, was about to distribute to them their Christmas gifts.

Theodosia wished much to stay, but the angel drew her away. When they were once more in the street, the angel said, "Do you know the secret now?" Theodosia said nothing, but the Christmas bells rang out:

"Not what we get, but what we give,
Makes up our treasure while we live!"

This time the angel lifted her from the earth, and carried her swiftly over the whole land, and over many other lands. She saw how many people there were who did not yet know what Christmas meant. Yes, many thousands of them had never heard of Christ who was born in Bethlehem. Her heart was now so warm with the Christmas love that she could not bear to think of so much sin and sorrow. This time she put her hand on the lock of the bag, saying to herself, "If there is any more of the magical money in it, I will throw it down upon this poor, unhappy, wicked world."

The bag opened very easily, but there was nothing in it save a magnificent necklace of pearls! In vain she looked for silver and gold.

She must either give up the necklace of pearls or nothing.

So she took one more look at the beautiful gems, and then flung them down upon the earth. The necklace broke as it fell, scattering the pearls far and wide. Where every pearl fell, behold there arose by magic a church or a mission school, and in all languages were heard the songs of thanksgiving.

The angel said to her, "Now see, your bag is empty; are you not sorry?"

But Theodosia looked straight into his kind eyes and said, "I have found the secret now!" And the Christmas bells rang out, "It is more blessed to give than to receive!"

Then the angel caught her to his bosom with great joy. Flying swiftly through the air, he brought her back to the palace of the king. Lo! in the great hall were all the gifts still piled, and the king and queen had not come.

He carried Theodosia to the place where her name was. Behold! there lay the black bag wide open and full of gifts innumerable. On each gift was some curious inscription. A beautiful bouquet of flowers bore the words, "These are the prayers of the poor." Upon a crystal goblet was inscribed, "The disciple's reward."

But most lovely of all was the necklace of

pearls that hung from the tablet. Every pearl bore a name, like Patience, Gentleness, Truth, Innocence. Three pearls were larger than the rest. On the largest pearl, which was the very copy of the starry one upon the angel's brow, Theodosia read, "The greatest of these is Charity."

Thus she learned the true name of the Christmas angel; and he vanished, and she saw him no more.

She saw also that the black bag was like her own heart. When closed to charity, it was poor and empty. When open for the sake of others, it grew richer in treasure all the time. And the Christmas bells rang once more, "God so loved the world!" and again, "Beloved, if God so loved us, then ought we to love one another."

May the Christmas angel dwell with every one of us, round and round the whole year!—*Rossiter W. Raymond.*

NOTES

1. Look up the origin and history of Christmas. How is Christmas observed in other lands?
2. Make a list of the best things you have known persons to do for others at Christmastide.
3. Be prepared to read to the class your favorite Christmas poem.
4. *Theodosia.* Pronounced *thē'ŏ-do'shĭ-a.* The word means gift of God.

5. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) Presently she went boldly in.
   (*b*) Suddenly she saw a dazzling and beautiful angel standing behind her.
   (*c*) In one hand she grasped tightly the mysterious bag.
   (*d*) He was crying silently from cold and hunger.
   (*e*) There lay the black bag wide open and full of gifts innumerable.
6. Be prepared to pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: chīm′ĭng, draw′ĭng-rooms, tăb′lĕts, ĭn-scrĭp′tion (shŭn), ĕn-grāved′, stamped (stămpt), vĕx-ā′tion (shŭn), pēr-ceived′ (sēv′d), grāve, mўs-tē′rĭ-ous (ŭs), accomplish (ă-kŏm′plĭsh), gleam (glēm), benefactor (bĕnĕ-făk′tēr), tattered (tăt′ērd), hesitate (hĕz′ĭ-tāt), magic (măj′ĭk), wreathing (rēth′ĭng), măg-nĭf′ĭ-cent (sĕnt), innumerable (ĭ-nū′mĕr-ă-b'l), disciple (dĭ-sī′p'l).

EXERCISES

1. What kind of Christmas would a princess naturally expect?
2. Why did Theodosia forget her prayers and greetings to her parents?
3. What is shown in "It was not yet broad day"?
4. What is shown of Theodosia in her wish?
5. What further is told us in "I don't care what other folks, etc"?
6. What did she find for herself?
7. Why did she stamp her feet and almost cry?
8. What did she suddenly discover?
9. How do you suppose she knew the Christmas Angel?
10. Why did the angel grow grave and sad?

11. Explain "she had no fear of him."
12. What story did the angel tell Theodosia?
13. Explain "Theodosia was silent."
14. What did the Christmas bells now seem to say?
15. What scene of poverty was now shown the princess?
16. What sincere wish now came to her?
17. What proves to be the key to the magic bag?
18. What happened as she scattered the money?
19. What did the Christmas bells now seem to say?
20. How did she transform the poor little schoolroom?
21. What "secret" did the Christmas bells now reveal?
22. What effect was produced by "the Christmas love" in her heart?
23. What became of the beautiful necklace?
24. In what sense had Theodosia found the Christmas secret?
25. What change had taken place in the palace?
26. In what way was the black bag like her own heart?
27. What was the final message of the Christmas bells?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WIGGIN: The Birds' Christmas Carol.
POULSSON: On Christmas Eve.
ALCOTT: Becky's Christmas Dream.
BUTTERWORTH: The First New England Christmas.
ROSSETTI: The Shepherds Had an Angel.
SEARS: The Angels' Song.
RILEY: Tiny Tim's Prayer.
FIELD: Why Do Bells For Christmas Ring?
MOORE: A Visit From St. Nicholas.
CHARLES: The Legend of St. Christopher.
DANA: Is There a Santa Claus?

A CHRISTMAS WISH

EUGENE FIELD used to romp and play with his children and their playmates. He used to tell them many fine stories. They were always crowding around him and asking for a story. One time just before Christmas, he told them a long story of how he would like to spend Christmas. He wrote the story in poem form and here it is, the real Christmas wish of every one who knows how much children enjoy Christmas.

A CHRISTMAS WISH *

I'd like a stocking made for a giant,
And a meeting house full of toys,
Then I'd go out in a happy hunt
For the poor little girls and boys;
Up the street and down the street,
And across and over the town,
I'd search and find them every one,
Before the sun went down.

One would want a new jack-knife
Sharp enough to cut;
One would long for a doll with hair,
And eyes that open and shut;

* Used by the courteous permission of, and by special arrangement with, Charles Scribner's Sons.

One would ask for a china set
With dishes all to her mind;
One would wish a Noah's ark
With beasts of every kind.

Some would like a doll's cook-stove
And a little toy wash tub;
Some would prefer a little drum,
For a noisy rub-a-dub;
Some would wish for a story book,
And some for a set of blocks;
Some would be wild with happiness
Over a new tool-box.

And some would rather have little shoes,
And other things warm to wear;
For many children are very poor
And the winter is hard to bear;
I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks,
And a thousand stockings or so,
And the jolliest little coats and cloaks
To keep out the frost and snow.

I'd load a wagon with caramels
And candy of every kind,
And buy all the almond and pecan nuts
And taffy that I could find;

And barrels and barrels of oranges
I'd scatter right in the way,
So the children would find them the very first thing
When they wake on Christmas day.

— *Eugene Field.*

NOTES

1. Read the Christmas story in Luke ii, 1–16.
2. Tell of all the odd ways you know in which people celebrate Christmas. What strange Christmas customs are followed in other lands?
3. If you had three wishes for Christmas, what would they be?
4. *A Noah's Ark.* The toy by that name.
5. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of as here used, and use in sentences of your own: stŏck′ing, giant (jī′ănt), mēet′ĭng, search (sûrch), Chī′nȧ, beasts (bēsts), prê-fĕr′, noisy (noiz′ĭ), hăp′pĭ-nĕss, to͞ol-bŏx, flăn′nĕls, frŏcks, wagon (wăg′ŭn), caramels (kăr′ȧ-mĕls), almond (ä′mŭnd), pê-căn′, tăf′fў.
6. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) I'd like a stocking made for a giant.
   (*b*) One would want a new jack-knife
   Sharp enough to cut.
   (*c*) Some would be wild with happiness
   Over a new tool-box.
   (*d*) I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks.
   (*e*) I'd load a wagon with caramels.

EXERCISES

1. Why do we feel like doing things for others on Christmas?

2. Why would the hunt for poor little girls and boys be a "happy" one for the poet?
3. Why would he want to find every one?
4. What toys would he give the children?
5. Why would he want to give shoes and clothes to some?
6. Why would he want to scatter such loads of candy, nuts and fruit?
7. What do you think is the most fun one can have on Christmas?
8. If you had three wishes for Christmas, what would they be?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LUKE ii, 1–16.
RAYMOND: The Christmas Angel.
LINDSAY: Gretchen's Christmas.
MOORE: A Visit From St. Nicholas.
HOWELLS: Christmas Every Day.
JACKSON: A Christmas Tree for Cats.
WIGGIN: The Birds' Christmas Carol. He Comes in the Night.
DICKENS: Christmas Carol.
HOWITT: Old Christmas.
BANGS: The House of Seven Santas.

CONTENTMENT

I am content. In triumph's tone
  My song let people know!
And many a mighty man with throne
  And scepter is not so.
And if he is, why, then I cry,
The man is just the same as I.

— *Claudius.*

WHERE DO THE OLD YEARS GO?

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!" This is the glad greeting we give each other on New Year's morning. The old year is gone. The glad new year is ahead. We are happy and we want to make others happy. But as children, we sometimes wonder what becomes of the Old Year. The poet has here asked the question in the words of a little child. Which of us can tell where the Old Years go?

WHERE DO THE OLD YEARS GO?

Pray, where do the Old Years go, mamma,
  When their work is over and done?
Does somebody tuck them away to sleep,
  Quite out of the sight of the sun?

Was there ever a Year that made a mistake,
  And stayed when its time was o'er,
Till it had to hurry its poor old feet,
  When the New Year knocked at the door?

I wish you a happy New Year, mamma,—
  I am sure new things are nice,—
And this one comes with a merry face,
  And plenty of snow and ice.

But I only wish I had kept awake
Till the Old Year made his bow,
For what he said when the clock struck twelve
I shall never find out now.

Do you think he was tired and glad to rest?
Do you think that he said good-bye,
Or faded away alone in the dark,
Without so much as a sigh?

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

NOTES

1. Margaret E. Sangster, the author of this poem, is an American author who has written many beautiful stories and poems. She was the associate editor of *Harper's Young People* for seven years (1882–1889) and of *Harper's Bazaar* for ten years (1889–1899).
2. Tell how New Year's Eve and New Year's Day are observed.
3. Tell of New Year's resolutions you have known persons to make. Tell how the resolutions were kept.
4. *Prāy.* Here meaning "I beg you to tell."
5. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: tŭck, quīte, mĭs-tāke′, stayed (stād), hûr′rў, knocked (nŏkt), bow, tired (tīr'd), fād′ĕd, sigh (sī).
6. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) Pray, where do the Old Years go?
   (*b*) Does somebody tuck them away to sleep
   Quite out of the sight of the sun?
   (*c*) This one comes with a merry face.
   (*d*) I only wish I had kept awake.
   (*e*) Do you think that he said good-bye?

EXERCISES

1. Who is speaking in the poem?
2. What is the one great question asked?
3. Why does the child think the years may have been "tucked away to sleep"?
4. What is the answer to the question asked in stanza two?
5. Why is the child sure the New Year is "nice"?
6. What will the child not find out? Would he have known if he had been awake?
7. How many things does the child think may have happened to the Old Year?
8. Just what does become of the Old Year?
9. What good things may each one have in the New Year?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ROBERTS: The Changing Year.
TENNYSON: Ring Out, Wild Bells!
COOPER: The New Year.
THAXTER: The Child and the Year.
ROSSETTI: New Year Ditty.
SHELLEY: Dirge for the Year.
BRYANT: A Song for New Year's Eve.

ROLL IT AROUND

Roll a kind thought round, children,
Roll it all around!
Until it gathers all kind thoughts
That gentle hearts have found.

— *Anonymous.*

FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

HOW everything seems to fly past when one is on a railway train! What joy it is to ride on the fast train and see horses, cattle, trees, and houses whiz by like the wind! This poem gives the picture and the thrill that comes to every child who rides the fast train.

FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE *

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows, the horses and cattle.

All the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes,
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!

Here is a cart run away in the road,
Lumping along with man and load;

* Used by the courteous permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone forever!

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

NOTES

1. Read Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses.* Read the sketch of Stevenson's life in the introduction.
2. Tell of rides you have had on the fast train.
3. Have you ever noticed that the distant trees and houses seemed to move with the train while those nearer seemed to fly past? See if you can explain this.
4. *Railway carriage* (*kăr ĭj*). In England the passenger coach, or car, is often called a *carriage.*
5. *Stringing the daisies.* Making the daisy-chain. A pleasant pastime for children.
6. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: fairies (fâr′ĭz), witches (wĭch′ĭz), bridges (brĭj′ĕs), hedges (hĕj′ĕs), ditches (dĭch′ĕs), chärg′-ĭng, tro͞ops, băt′tle, meadows (mĕd′ōz), drīv′ĭng, stations (stā′shŭns), whistle (hwĭs′ ′l), clăm′bērs, brăm′bles, strĭng′ĭng, lŭmp′ing, glimpse (glĭmps).
7. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
   Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches.
   (*b*) And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
   Painted stations whistle by.
   (*c*) Here is a child who clambers and scrambles.
   (*d*) Here is a tramp who stands and gazes.
   (*e*) Each a glimpse and gone forever.

EXERCISES

1. Why does everything seem to go so fast?
2. Why do the horses and cattle seem to *charge* like troops?
3. What other things in the poem tell how fast the train seems to go?
4. What are some of the *sights* seen from the train?
5. What is meant by "stringing the daisies"?
6. Just what does the last line mean?
7. What other sights than those given may be seen from the fast train?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

STEVENSON: Foreign Lands. Marching Song. The Land of Storybooks. The Swing.
JACKSON: A Night in a Sleeping-Car.
SHERMAN: The Shadows. The Daisies.
FIELD: The Shut-Eye Train. Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.
LEAR: The Owl and the Pussy-Cat.
RAND: The Wonderful World.

DO IT WELL

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it 's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well, or not at all.

— *Anonymous.*

THE SEVEN SONS

SELFISH persons often quarrel. It never pays to quarrel. Fighting, selfishness, and jealousy never get things done that are worth while. In the following fable, an old farmer taught his sons the value of getting along well with each other. See if you can tell from the fable just what the sons found to be true.

THE SEVEN SONS

A farmer had seven sons who could never agree among themselves. He had often told them how foolish they were to be always quarreling, but they kept on and gave no heed to his words.

One day he called them before him, and showed them a bundle of sticks tied tightly together.

"See which one of you can break this bundle," he said.

Each one took the bundle in his hands, and tried his best to break it; but it was so strong that they could not even bend it. At last they gave it back to their father, and said:—

"We cannot break it."

Then he untied the bundle and gave a single stick to each of his sons.

"Now see what you can do," he said.

Each one broke his stick with great ease.

"My sons," said the farmer, "you may learn a lesson from these sticks. If you will only stand together, you will be strong and hard to overcome; but if each one stand by himself, he will be weak and easily mastered."— *Æsop.*

NOTES

1. Read others of Æsop's Fables.
2. Tell what you have known children or others to lose by disagreeing.
3. *Gave no heed.* Paid no attention.
4. Have the pupils act this story so that the thought of it is made plain.
5. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: *ȧ*-grēē′, fo͞ol′ĭsh, quarreling (kwôrl′ĭng), bŭn′dle, tīght′ly, together (to͡o-gĕth′ẽr), ease (ēz), overcome (ō′vẽr-kŭm′), măs′tẽred.
6. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) A farmer had seven sons who could never agree among themselves.
   (*b*) They kept on and gave no heed to his words.
   (*c*) Which of you can break this bundle?
   (*d*) We cannot break it.
   (*e*) If each one stand by himself, he will be weak and easily mastered.

EXERCISES

1. What kind of sons had the farmer?
2. Why did they give no heed to his words?

3. What did he ask each to do with the bundle of sticks?
4. What did they say after trying the bundle?
5. What did the farmer next ask each to do?
6. What success did each have?
7. What lesson did the farmer say each son should get from this?
8. Why do you think this was better than telling the sons how bad it was to quarrel?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BUTTERWORTH: Thinking Only of Myself.
STEVENSON: The Lamplighter.
PERRAULT: Cinderella.
ÆSOP: Lion and Mouse. The Lame Man and the Blind Man.
TOPELIUS: The Red Cottage.
LUKE X, 25–37: Story of the Good Samaritan.

I CAN

"I can" is a worker;
He tills his broad fields,
And digs from the earth
All the wealth that it yields.

The hum of his spindles,
Begins with the light,
And the fires of his forges
Are blazing all night.

— *William Allen Butler.*

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

"A LITTLE nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men." This old saying must have been in the mind of Edward Lear, English writer and humorist, when he wrote his *Nonsense Rhymes*. This poem is one of the *Nonsense Rhymes*, and was written to please the children with its merry jingle. The jingle is made all the more funny because the author makes the Owl and Pussy-Cat speak and act somewhat like silly people.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
  In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
  Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the moon above,
  And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love
  What a beautiful Pussy you are,—
    You are,
  What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderful sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married,— too long we have tarried,—
But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in the wood, a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose,—
His nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon.
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,—
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

— *Edward Lear.*

NOTES

1. If possible, read other nonsense rhymes by Edward Lear.
2. Bring to class any other jingles or nonsense rhymes.

Which of the Mother Goose rhymes seem to be mere nonsense rhymes? Is there a serious side to them?

3. *Pea-green.* A light green color like that of green peas.
4. *Five-pound note.* The "pound," which is the unit of English money, is worth $4.86 in United States money. The five-pound note is a bill worth $24.30.
5. *Bŏng-tree.* An imaginary tree.
6. *Shilling.* An English silver coin worth about twenty-four cents.
7. *Rŭn'cĭ-ble spo͝on.* A kind of fork with three broad prongs or tines, one having a sharp edge. The broad tines together are curved like the bowl of a spoon.
8. Be prepared to pronounce correctly, give meanings of as here used, and use in sentences of your own: beautiful (bū'tĭ-fo͝ol), money (mŭn'ĭ), wrapped (răpt), guitar (gĭ-tär'), ĕl'ĕ-gănt, wonderful (wŭn'dĕr-fo͝ol), married (măr'ĭd), tarried (tăr'ĭd), mince (mĭns), quince (kwĭns).
9. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea.
   (*b*) The Owl looked up to the moon above,
   And sang to a small guitar.
   (*c*) But what shall we do for a ring?
   (*d*) There in the wood, a piggy-wig stood
   With a ring in the end of his nose.
   (*e*) They dined upon mince and slices of quince.

EXERCISES

1. What fun do you find at the start?
2. Read stanza two aloud. Do you find the movement of guitar music in it?

3. What is strange and funny in Pussy's proposal of marriage?
4. How did they get their wedding ring?
5. What was their wedding feast?
6. What other celebration did they have?
7. If the Owl and the Pussy-Cat were persons, what kind of persons would they be?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LEAR: The Jumblies. Quangle, Wangle, Wee. Mr. and Mrs. Spikky Sparrow. The Duck and the Kangaroo.
FIELD: The Duel.
HOWITT: The Spider and the Fly.
COOLIDGE: The Robin and the Chicken.
ÆSOP: The Ant and the Grasshopper.
BANGS: The Little Elf.
CARROLL: Alice in Wonderland. A Lobster Quadrille.

ONE STEP AND THEN ANOTHER

One step and then another,
  And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
  And the largest rent is mended.

One brick upon another,
  And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
  And the deepest snow is laid.

— *Anonymous.*

THE CODE BARBARIAN

IN striking contrast to the ideals of the Boy Scout movement are the practices of boys who never think of the rights of others, and who therefore have been appropriately called "young barbarians." Every boy scout undertakes to live up to "The Scout Law." If he succeeds, he becomes trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent, for these virtues are lived by all true boy scouts. Carelessness, discourtesy, deceit, selfishness and slovenliness are characteristic of the "young

PHOTOGRAPH BY FENNER E. KING

BOY SCOUTS ON A HIKE

barbarian," and are being condemned by all ambitious boys.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of *The Outlook* and leader of this country's progressive moral thought, is a scholarly man who never forgot that he was once a real boy. He is in keen sympathy with happy, care-free, whole-hearted boy life. He has learned from his own experience and from the thousands of boys who have come to love him, that it pays a boy to be clean and decent. With a friendly chuckle in his heart, and a knowing smile, he has therefore written "The Code Barbarian" in order to show what thoughtless boys too often do and what the best boys condemn.

THE CODE BARBARIAN *

1. When you come in from sliding, leave your sled in the yard upon the snow. It will rust the irons a little and prevent its going too fast when you go out to slide next time. You may save breaking your neck by this means.

2. Whenever you have been using the hoes or the shovels or any other tools, leave them anywhere about the yard. There is plenty of room for them on the ground.

3. If you get an invitation for a visit up in town, if you make as much difficulty and

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trouble as you can about dressing properly before you go, and then are rude and noisy when you get there, it will do a great deal towards preventing your being troubled with future invitations.

4. If you lose your knife or anything, it is a convenient plan to tell some other boy that you lent it to him one day and you have not seen it since. This throws off the responsibility on his shoulders. So, if you cannot find your hat, you can insist upon it, that you hung it upon its nail.

5. If you get a new knife, and if you borrow one, go to boring a hole with the point or to digging out a boat. The advantage of this is that you will soon break the point, and after that you will be in no danger of pricking yourself.

6. Whenever it rains or looks very much like rain on holidays, always form some plan for a fishing excursion, or going up into the woods, or some other out-of-door expedition, where you can't go except in pleasant weather and then set your heart upon it so strongly that you can't enjoy any other plan. By this means you can spend the day in watching the clouds, fretting and wishing that it would clear up, and that will keep you out of mischief.

7. When you go off on expeditions and are going through rough and difficult places, the

larger boys ought to run on fast as they can, scrambling over logs, jumping the fences and leaping the brooks, so as to leave the smaller and weaker boys behind. This will be an especially good plan if there should be one boy considerably younger than the rest. If he gets tired out and left hopelessly behind, it is no matter. What business has he to be so young and little?

8. When you fish it is a good plan for two or three of you to put your lines in very near the same place, so if a lazy sucker should come along, he would be perplexed to know which to bite.

9. If one boy gets a bite or a nibble, let all the rest run and throw their lines into the same place. Who knows but that the fish will be so large that it will take several lines to pull him out? Then, besides, in case there should not be any fish you could catch each other's lines.

10. When you come home throw your poles and lines down anywhere, especially where they will get wet. Fishing lines are made to get wet. Be sure and leave the old bait on the hook. It will harden there and keep the hook from sticking into anybody.— *Lyman Abbott.*

NOTES

1. Find from any boy scout the things that are required of a scout in "The Scout Law."

2. Look up the origin and history of the Boy Scout movement.
3. What things have you known boys to do that proved they were "good scouts"?
4. Make a list of ten common practices which all the best boys condemn.
5. *Cōde Bar-bā′rĭ-ăn.* A collection of laws applying to uncivilized peoples. Here used as the laws usually obeyed by careless, thoughtless boys.
6. Be prepared to pronounce, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: ĭn′vĭ-tā′tion (shŭn), dĭf′fĭ-cŭl-tў, prē-vĕnt′ĭng, rĕ spŏn′sĭ-bĭl′ĭ-tў, ăd-vân′tage (tăj), prĭck′ĭng, excursion (ĕks-kûr′shŭn), expedition (ĕks′pĕ-dĭsh′ŭn), frĕt′tĭng, scrăm′blĭng, cŏn sĭd′ĕr-*ā*-blў, perplexed (pēr-plĕkst′).
7. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) When you come in from sliding, leave your sled in the yard upon the snow.
   (*b*) It will do a great deal towards preventing your being troubled with future invitations.
   (*c*) The advantage of this is that you will soon break the point.
   (*d*) It will harden there and keep the hook from sticking into anybody.

EXERCISES

1. In what spirit did the author write this "code"?
2. Why is it called "The Code Barbarian"?
3. From this code, make a list of the things thoughtless, careless boys sometimes do.
4. What good thought is hinted in section 1? What does the last sentence mean?
5. What thought would a good "scout" get from section 2?

6. What hints of boy and girl life are given in section 3?
7. Why would one who lived up to section 3 not be "troubled with future invitations"?
8. What common fault of young persons is shown in the next section? What is the remedy?
9. How can one avoid "soon breaking the point" of the new knife?
10. Explain the meaning of the last sentence in section 6.
11. How does the author really believe boys and girls should treat those younger than they?
12. What bit of humor is given in section 8?
13. Why does the author hint "you could catch each other's lines?"
14. Why are boys urged to "leave the old bait on the hook?" Explain.
15. Make a list of the ten best things the best boys and girls do.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MACLAREN: Young Barbarians.
WARNER: Being a Boy.
WHITE: The Court of Boyville.
HOLLAND: The High Court of Inquiry.
CLEMENS: Whitewashing the Fence.
FOSS: The Bloodless Sportsman.
HUGHES: Arthur's Prayer at Rugby.
CRANE: Boy Wanted.

DO GOOD

Do all the good you can
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.

— *Anonymous.*

THE PIGTAIL'S PLACE

FUN is best when we can see good in it. There is an old Chinese story which tells how a funny old Chinaman thought he could change his pigtail to the front. The story tells how he whirled about "so fast that those who watched grew dizzy." The following poem is based on the old story. It keeps all the fun of that story and lets us see something even better than the fun.

THE PIGTAIL'S PLACE

There lived a sage in days of yore
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
  Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
  Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,—
I'll turn me round," —
He turned him round;
  But still it hung behind him.

Then round, and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain — it mattered not a pin,—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in, and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back
The pigtail hangs behind him.

— *William Makepeace Thackeray.*

NOTES

1. William Makepeace Thackeray (Thăk′ĕr-ĭ) was an English novelist who was born in 1811 and died in 1863. His lectures on *English Humorists* gave him a place among the highest class humorists of the nineteenth century.
2. Tell of persons you have known to try to do things which could not be done.
3. Have you known persons to try to do things in a very poor way? Tell about it.
4. *Pigtail.* A tail-like braid of hair. The queue (kū) of the Chinaman.
5. *It mattered not a pin.* It made no difference.
6. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: sāge, yôre, wondered (won′dĕrd),

sorrowed (sôr′rōd), mused (mūzd), curious (kū rĭ-ŭs), swōre, dangling (dăŋ′glĭng), mystery (mĭs′tĕr-ĭ), puzzled (pŭz′ ′ld), spĭn, steadily (stĕd′ĭ-lĭ), ĕf′fôrts, slăck, twĭst, twirl (twûrl), tăck, faithful (fāth′fo͝ol).

7. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) There lived a sage in days of yore.
   (*b*) And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
   And have it hanging at his face.
   (*c*) All day the puzzled sage did spin.
   (*d*) But still the pigtail stout
   Hung steadily behind him.
   (*e*) And though he twist, and twirl, and tack.

EXERCISES

1. What is a sage?
2. Why was this sage sorrowful?
3. What did he plan to do?
4. How did he plan to do it?
5. How did he succeed at first?
6. What happened when he spun round all day?
7. What did he next try?
8. What was the result of each trial?
9. What fun is there in the poem?
10. In all the fun, what truth do you find?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Goldsmith: The Wonderful Old Man.
Mark Twain: Whitewashing the Fence.
White: Court of Boyville.
Hawthorne: The Great Carbuncle.
Lear: The Jumblies. The Owl and the Pussy-Cat.
Grimm Brothers: The Simpleton.

LITTLE THUMB

"His shirt was made of butterflies' wings;
His boots were made of chickens' skins;
His coat and breeches were made with pride;
A tailor's needle hung by his side;
A mouse for a horse he used to ride."

THIS is one of the old rhymes about Little Thumb, or Tom Thumb, as he is often called. The story of the little child who was no bigger than one's thumb is one of the oldest known folk-tales. The tale is found among the old stories of India and Persia, is a folk-tale in every country in Europe, and is found among the tales of the American Indians, and exists even in the old tales of the Zulus in Africa. The story here given is that of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm. It is a story of clever pranks and tricks, of terrible adventures, and of narrow escapes. We never tire of reading of this tiny little man who rode mice and butterflies and who was cared for by the queen of the fairies.

LITTLE THUMB

Once there was born in a peasant's cottage a little baby, perfect in all his limbs, but not taller than a thumb. Small as he was, his

parents loved him dearly; and they named him Little Thumb.

The parents brought up the child very carefully. They fed him on the most nourishing food; yet he did not increase in size, but remained always as small as on the day of his birth. Nevertheless his eyes were bright and keen; and he soon showed that he would succeed in whatever he undertook.

One day his father, as he was getting ready to go to the forest to cut down some trees, said aloud to himself,—

"I wish I had some one who could drive the cart, for I want to go on first by myself."

"O, father!" cried Little Thumb, "I can do that easily. Leave the cart with me. I will take care to be in good time."

"Oh, yes," replied the father, laughing, "it is very likely I should trust you to drive. Why, you are much too little even to lead the horse by the bridle."

"Never mind how small I am," said the boy; "only you go as soon as you like; and, if mother will harness the horse, I will seat myself on his ear and tell him which way to go."

"Well," replied his father, "I'll try for once what you can do." So he went off to the forest; and when the hour to start arrived, the mother

harnessed the horse in the cart and seated Little Thumb on his ear.

"Gee up!" shouted the little one into the ear, and the horse started at once. And so Little Thumb kept on, using the right words when he wanted the horse to turn to the right or the left, and crying out, "Gee!" "Whoa!" so cleverly that the cart reached the wood as safely as if the master had driven it.

Just as the horse and cart were turning into a path through the forest, two strange men came by. They stood still in astonishment; for they heard the voice of the driver and saw the horse take the right turning, but no one was visible.

"Hallo," cried one, "there is something queer about this. Let us follow, and see where the cart stops." So they turned and went after the cart, till it came to the place where several trees had been cut down; and there it stopped.

As soon as Little Thumb saw his father, he cried out,—

"See, father! I have brought the horse and cart. Can't I drive well? And now, please, lift me down."

The father held the horse by the bridle with one hand, and, lifting his son from the horse's ear with the other, placed him on the ground. In a few moments the merry little fellow seated himself on a shaving and felt quite comfortable.

When the strangers caught sight of Little Thumb, they were so astonished they scarcely knew what to think. Presently one took the other aside and said,—

"That little chap would make our fortune if we could exhibit him in great towns for money. Suppose we buy him." So they went up to the father, and said,—

"Will you sell this little man to us? We will take the greatest care of him."

"No," replied Little Thumb's father; "he is my dear child, and I would not sell him for all the gold in the world."

But Little Thumb, who had crept into the folds of his father's coat, heard what was said, and, climbing to his shoulder, whispered into his ear,—

"Father, let me go with these men. I am sure to come back again." So the father gave him up for a large sum in gold.

"Where shall we put you?" asked one of the men.

"Oh," replied Little Thumb, "place me on the brim of your hat, I can walk about there, and see where I am going; and I'll take care not to fall off."

The man very willingly did as he wished; and, as soon as Little Thumb had taken leave of his father, the two strangers walked away with him.

They traveled all day; but when evening came, Little Thumb was tired of sitting up there so long, and cried out,—

"Stop! Lift me down, please."

"No," said the man, "stay where you are, little one. I don't mind your being there in the least. The birds often perch on my hat without causing me the slightest inconvenience. Stay where you are, my little man."

"No, no," cried Little Thumb, "I know best what to do. I want you to lift me down directly." Then the man took off his hat and placed it on the ground by the roadside.

In a moment the little fellow sprang from the hat, ran through the hedge into a field, in and out between the clods of earth, then suddenly slipped into the nest of a field mouse, which he had seen from his seat on the man's hat.

"Good evening, gentlemen! You must go home without me now!" he shouted, laughing merrily.

They were mightily annoyed, and tried to catch him by poking their sticks into the hole; but it was useless trouble, for Little Thumb crept to the farthest corner of the nest. And so night came on, and the men in a great rage were obliged to go home without him and with empty purses.

As soon as Little Thumb knew they were gone,

he crept through the underground passages and got out of his hole, but at first he stood still and said to himself,—

"It will not be safe for me to cross the field in the dark; most likely I shall break my limbs or my neck if I do."

All at once he saw an empty snail shell.

"Oh, how lucky!" he exclaimed; "I can spend the night here in comfort." So he crept in. But just as he was dropping off to sleep, he heard voices and the footsteps of two men who were planning a robbery at the rector's house.

"There is gold and silver there," said one; "but how are we to get at it?"

"I will tell you," shouted Little Thumb.

"What was that?" cried one of the thieves in a fright. "I am certain I heard some one speak." They stood still, and Little Thumb spoke again.

"Take me with you; I will help you," he said.

"Where are you, then?" asked one.

"Look for me on the ground, where my voice comes from," said he.

On this they began to search, and at last found him; and one of the thieves lifted him up and said,—

"You little mite, how can you help us?"

"Try me!" cried Little Thumb. "Why, I can creep between the iron bars of the window

into the rector's room, and pass out to you whatever you want."

"Oh, well," they replied, "you are too small to do us any harm, so we will take you with us and see what you can do."

The thieves did not consider what a loud, shrill voice the little fellow had, so they carried him to the rectory. It did not take him long to creep through the bars into the room; but no sooner was he inside than he cried out as loud as he could,—

"Will you have everything from the room you can get?"

"Hush!" cried the thieves, in a fright. "Speak lower, or you will wake everybody in the house."

But Little Thumb, as if he did not understand, kept crying out as loud as ever,—

"What shall I give you first? Do you want all?"

In the room adjoining, slept one of the servants; and the noise woke her. She sat up in bed to listen, and heard what Little Thumb said.

The thieves, who had run away in terror when Little Thumb cried out, ventured back when all was quiet, and said,—

"Come now, this is not a time for joking; get us what we want, and pass it through the window to us."

Then cried the little man,—

"Oh, you want everything, do you? Now then, hold out your hands!"

The maid-servant heard this plainly enough. She jumped out of bed and, being in the dark, stumbled against the door. On hearing the noise, the thieves took to their heels and ran as if wild hunters were behind them.

The girl, who had gone to fetch a light, quickly returned, determined to examine every part of the room. But Little Thumb, as soon as he saw her coming, slipped out of the window and hid himself in a barn, so that she did not even see him and concluded she must have been dreaming.

Little Thumb found a snug bed in a truss of hay and made up his mind to sleep comfortably there till morning and then return home to his parents. However, at daybreak the next morning the maid-servant rose and went out to give the cattle their fodder. Her first visit was to the hayloft; and, unluckily, the truss of hay nearest the opening was the one in which Little Thumb lay sleeping. So it happened that, in pulling out an armful of hay, she carried Little Thumb away with it.

But so soundly did he sleep that he knew nothing of what had happened till he awoke and found himself in the mouth of a cow, who had taken him up with the hay.

"Oh, dear, I might as well be in a crushing machine!" he cried, as soon as he found out where he was. But he had little time for thinking, as he shifted from side to side to avoid the teeth of the cow; and presently he slid downward, into her stomach.

"This is surely a room without any windows," he exclaimed. "The sun cannot shine here, and to light a candle is out of the question."

Most certainly he had fallen into unpleasant quarters; and, worse than all, fresh quantities of hay kept coming in at the door, till there was scarcely room to move. At last he could bear it no longer and shouted,—

"No more hay, please — no more hay!"

Now the maid, who was milking the cow, no sooner heard some one speak than she recognized the voice which had wakened her in the night. In great alarm, she screamed out, threw down her stool, upset the milkpail, and ran to her master, crying,—

"O sir, the cow has been talking!"

"Nonsense, girl," replied the rector. However, he went himself to the stable to find out what was going on. No sooner had he set his foot within the door than Little Thumb cried out,—

"No more hay! I don't want any more hay!"

Then the rector himself was alarmed, and

thought that the cow was possessed of an evil spirit; so he ordered it to be killed. The poor animal was slaughtered and cut up; and its stomach, in which Little Thumb lay hidden, was thrown away.

It gave Little Thumb a great deal of trouble to work his way out; and scarcely had he succeeded in popping up his head when a hungry wolf rushed up and, seizing the cow's stomach, swallowed Little Thumb and all at one gulp.

Little Thumb did not lose his courage. He called out from his uncomfortable lodgings,—

"Friend wolf, I know where you can get such a beautiful dinner."

"And where am I to find it?" asked the wolf.

"Oh, at a house not far from here. I will tell you the way to get in. You must creep through a large hole into the kitchen; and there you will find the best of everything in the way of eating and drinking, and you can take whatever you like." Then Little Thumb described to the wolf his father's house.

The wolf did not need to be told twice. In a very short time he found his way through the hole, into the kitchen; and a famous feast he made of the good things he found in the larder!

After he had supped to his heart's content, he wanted to creep out by the same hole; but he had eaten so much that he could not squeeze

himself through. This was just what Little Thumb had expected; and he began to jump about inside the wolf and make such a noise that the wolf said,—

"Will you be quiet?— you will wake all the people in the house."

"All very fine!" shouted the little one. "You have been eating and enjoying yourself, and now it is my turn." And then he began to scream and shout with all his might. At last he woke his father and mother, who rushed in and killed the wolf and set Little Thumb free.

"Ah," said the father, "what trouble we have suffered about you!"

"Yes, father, I dare say; but I, too, have been troubled, out in the world, and shut up in strange places; and I am very thankful to find myself again in the fresh air."

"Where have you been, then?" asked his father.

"O, father, I have been in a mouse-hole; I have been swallowed by a cow; and just now I was shut up in the body of a wolf. But I don't care, for I am safe at home at last."

"And we will never sell you again, for all the riches in the world," said his parents, as they kissed him and pressed him to their hearts and called him their dear Little Thumb.— *Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.*

NOTES

1. Tell all the other stories you have read or heard of Little Thumb, or Tom Thumb. Some of those stories are: How Tom Thumb came to the Peasant's Home, How Tom Played Pranks on his Playfellows, Tom's Punishment, Tom and the Pudding, Tom and the Raven, Tom and the Giant, Tom Swallowed by a Fish, Tom Carrying the Three-penny Piece, Tom Saved by the Fairy Queen, Tom Bewitches the Miller, Tom Defends his Mouse-Horse Against the Cat, Tom and the Butterfly-Horse, Tom killed by a Spider.
2. *Peasant* (*pĕz′ănt*). In Europe a farmer of the lowest class who tills the soil for a landlord.
3. *Rector* (*rĕk′tẽr*). A minister. The rector was at the head of all the societies in his parish or community.
4. *A trŭss of hay.* A bundle of hay of fixed weight. In England a truss of old hay weighs 56 pounds, of new hay 60 pounds.
5. *Possessed* (*pŏ-zĕst′*) *of an evil spirit.* Filled with or controlled by a wicked spirit.
6. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of as here used, and use in sentences: nourishing (nŭr′ĭsh-ĭng), harnessed (här′nĕst), cleverly (klĕv′ẽr-lĭ), astonishment (ăs-tŏn′ĭsh-mĕnt), visible (vĭz′ĭ-b'l), shāv′ĭng, comfortable (kŭm′fẽr-tȧ-b'l), exhibit (ĕg′-zĭb ĭt), inconvenience (ĭn′kŏn-vēn′yĕns), dĭ-rĕct′lў, annoyed (ă-noid′), determined (dẽ-tûr′mĭnd), examined (ĕg-zăm′ĭnd), concluded (kŏn-klo͞od′ĕd), fŏd′-dẽr, recognized (rĕk′ŏg-nīzd), slaughtered (slô′tẽrd), supped (sŭpt).
7. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) A little baby, perfect in all his limbs, but not taller than a thumb.

(*b*) The father held the horse by the bridle with one hand.

(*c*) They were mightily annoyed, and tried to catch him by poking their sticks into the hole.

(*d*) Little Thumb slipped out of the window and hid himself in a barn.

(*e*) The sun cannot shine here, and to light a candle is out of the question.

EXERCISES

1. Where is this tale found?
2. Who was Little Thumb?
3. Tell how he drove the horse.
4. Why did the strangers want Little Thumb?
5. How did Little Thumb get his father to let him go?
6. How did the man carry Little Thumb?
7. How did Little Thumb escape, and where did he hide?
8. Tell how he helped the robbers.
9. Where did he spend the night?
10. Where did he find himself on waking?
11. Tell how he frightened the milkmaid and rector.
12. What happened when he was about to escape from the cow's stomach?
13. What trick did Little Thumb play on the wolf?
14. Read other stories of Little Thumb, or Tom Thumb.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ANDERSEN: Thumbelina.
LANG: The Hazel-Nut Child.
BROWN: John of the Woods.
HARRISON: Adventures of Ha'penny.
CARROLL: Alice in Wonderland — Alice Grows Small.

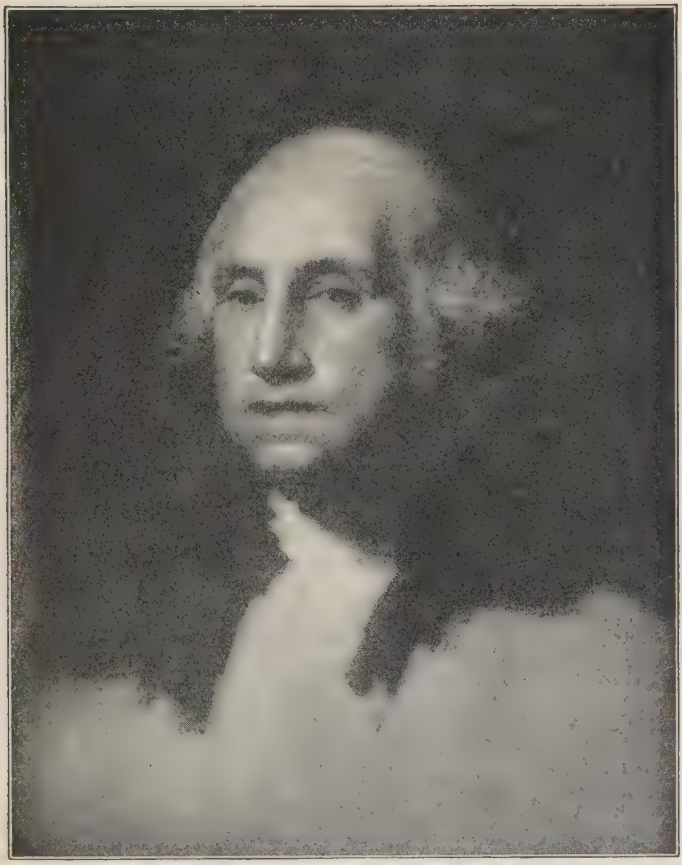
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

"FIRST in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." This is the place now given to George Washington, the first president of our country, and one of our greatest patriots and statesmen. His birthday, February twenty-second, is set aside as a national holiday. On that day, the school children give patriotic programs in honor of the "Father of his Country," stores are closed, and everywhere meetings are held in honor of the great Washington. Here is one of many poems written to tell of his greatness.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

'T is splendid to live so grandly,
That long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps its thoughts of your natal day.

'T is splendid to have a record
So white and free from stain,
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain;



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GEORGE WASHINGTON

That age to age forever
  Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart
  All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
  A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
  When his country's days were few;
And now, when its days are many,
  And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
  His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
  To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
  To rally the foes of the wrong;
To live so proudly and purely,
  That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
  Keep the thoughts of your natal day.

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

NOTES

1. George Washington was born in Virginia in 1732 and died in 1799. He was commander-in-chief of the Continental army in the war of the American Revolution, and was the first President of the United States. His home at Mount Vernon on the

Potomac river, and his tomb, are visited each year by hundreds who do honor to his memory.

2. Tell any good stories you can find of the life and works of Washington.
3. *Rẽ-count'ĕd.* Told over and over again.
4. *Na'tăl dāy.* Birthday.
5. *Amain* (*á-mān*). Completely, in every possible way.
6. *In dẽ-fi'ănt challenge* (*chăl'ĕnj*). The country is now strong enough to make its flag respected. The flag defies wrong and stands for liberty.
7. *Tŏc'sĭn.* An alarm or warning signal.
8. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: splĕn'dĭd, grănd'lў, rẽ-mĕm'bered (bẽrd), record (rĕk'ŏrd), tĕst'ĕd, steadfast (stĕd'fâst), honor (ŏn'ẽr), brēēze, mĕm'ô-rў, proud'ly, pause (pôz).
9. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) 'Tis splendid to live so grandly.
   (*b*) It shows no blot, though tested and tried amain.
   (*c*) A steadfast soul and true.
   (*d*) Its flag of stars is flung to the breeze in defiant challenge.
   (*e*) That your memory is ever a tocsin
   To rally the foes of the wrong.

EXERCISES

1. Why do we set aside Washington's Birthday as a National holiday?
2. What things Washington did are "recounted"?
3. How is Washington's Birthday observed?
4. What kind of record did Washington leave?
5. How did he stand for his country's honor?
6. Why is his name now on every tongue?

7. In what sense is his memory a "tocsin" to rally the foes of wrong?
8. Why do people leave their work once a year to do honor to Washington?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HOLMES: Ode for Washington's Birthday.
COOK: A Star in the West.
LATHROP: The Name of Washington.
BUTTERWORTH: Crown our Washington.
BRIDGES: Washington.

TRUE SUCCESS

What is failure? It is only a spur
To the one who receives it right.
It makes the spirit within him stir
To go in once more and fight.
If you never have failed, it's an easy guess
You never have won any high success.

— *Edmund Vance Cooke.*

LITTLE GIFTS

Little gifts are precious,
  If a loving heart
Helps the busy fingers,
  As they do their part.

— *Anonymous.*

THE CONTENTED BOY

ONE day a man who was out riding stopped to pick a beautiful flower. His horse broke away from him, and ran down the road. The man ran after the horse but could not catch it. A little boy at work in a field near the road saw that the horse was running away. The boy ran quickly to the middle of the road, caught the horse, and held it till the owner came. The following conversation then took place between the man and the boy.

THE CONTENTED BOY

Mr. Lenox. Thank you, my good boy, you have caught my horse very nicely. What shall I give you for your trouble?

Boy. I want nothing, sir.

Mr. L. You want nothing? So much the better for you. Few men can say as much. But what were you doing in the field?

B. I was pulling up weeds, and tending the sheep that were feeding on turnips.

Mr. L. Do you like to work?

B. Yes, sir, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But would you not rather play?

B. This is not hard work. It is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who set you to work?

B. My father, sir.

Mr. L. What is your name?

B. Peter Hurdle, sir.

Mr. L. How old are you?

B. Eight years old, next June.

Mr. L. How long have you been here?

B. Ever since six o'clock this morning.

Mr. L. Are you not hungry?

B. Yes, sir, but I shall go to dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had a dime now, what would you do with it?

B. I don't know, sir. I never had so much.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

B. Playthings? What are they?

Mr. L. Such things as kites, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

B. No, sir. Tom and I play at football in winter, and I have a jumping rope. I had a hoop, but it is broken.

Mr. L. Do you want nothing else?

B. I have hardly time to play with what I have. I have to drive the cows, and to run on errands, and to ride the horses to the fields, and that is as good as play.

Mr. L. You could get apples and cakes if you had money, you know.

B. I can have apples at home. As for cake, I do not want that. My mother makes me a pie now and then, which is as good.

Mr. L. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks?

B. I have one. Here it is. Brother Tom gave it to me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes. Don't you want a new pair?

B. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

B. I do not mind that, sir.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

B. I have a better one at home.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains?

B. If it rains very hard when I am in the field, I get under a tree for shelter.

Mr. L. What do you do if you are hungry before it is time to go home?

B. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

Mr. L. But if there is none?

B. Then I wórk on, and never think about it.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, I am glad to see that you are so contented. Do you go to school?

B. Yes, sir. School will begin in September, and I intend to go every day.

Mr. L. You will want books then.

B. Yes, sir; I shall be in a new class, and I

shall need a reader, a geography, and an arithmetic.

Mr. L. Then I will give them to you. Tell your father so, and that it is because you are an obliging, contented little boy.

B. I will, sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good-by, Peter.

B. Good morning, sir.

— *John Aiken.*

NOTES

1. After studying and reading this lesson, have two members of the class act it. Two others may show how they think it should be acted, and so on.
2. Tell of boys or girls who are contented and work hard at their work.
3. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: caught (côt), trouble (trŭb′ ’l), tĕnd′ĭng, tûr′nĭps, weather (wĕth′ẽr), jŭmp′ĭng, broken (brōk′ ’n), errands (ĕr′ănds), knife (nīf), shĕl′tẽr, côn-tĕnt′-ēd, geography (jẽ-ŏg′-ra-fĭ), a-rĭth′mẽ-tĭc, obliging (ô-blīj′ĭng).
4. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) What shall I give you for your trouble?
   (*b*) I was pulling up weeds, and tending the sheep that were feeding on turnips.
   (*c*) Who set you to work?
   (*d*) I have hardly time to play with what I have.
   (*e*) Then I work on, and never think about it.

EXERCISES

1. Why did the man stop to talk to the boy?
2. Why did not the boy want pay?

3. Why did the man say, "Few men can say as much"?
4. How old was the boy?
5. Why would he not rather play?
6. Why had he never had so much as a dime?
7. Why did he not know what "playthings" are?
8. Why did he not have much time to play?
9. Why did he think his work as good as play?
10. What other things tell you what kind of boy he is?
11. What kind of boy was he in school? Why?
12. Why did the man decide to give the boy books instead of money?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

TAYLOR: Contented John. The Violet.
CHOLLET: The Wishing-Gate.
ROGERS: The Old Man and the King.
JEWETT: Discontent.
ANONYMOUS: Try, Try Again.
ÆSOP: The Lark and Her Young Ones.
ANDERSEN: The Thorny Path of Honor.
GRIMM: Faithful John.

DAYS OF THE MONTH

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one
Save February, which alone
Has twenty-eight, but one day more
We add to it one year in four.

— *Anonymous.*

ROCK-A-BY, HUSH-A-BY, LITTLE PAPOOSE

HERE is a sweet little Indian lullaby with all the charm and music of a white mother's song. The song gives a clear picture of wild, free nature familiar to Indian life, all calm in the quiet repose of evening.

ROCK-A-BY, HUSH-A-BY, LITTLE PAPOOSE*

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, little papoose,
The stars come into the sky,
The whip-po'-will 's crying, the daylight is dying,
The river runs murmuring by.

The pine trees are slumbering, little papoose,
The squirrel has gone to his nest,
The robins are sleeping, the mother bird's keeping
The little ones warm with her breast.

The roebuck is dreaming, my little papoose,
His mate lies asleep at his side,
The breezes are pining, the moonbeams are shining
All over the prairie wide.

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MOTHER BIRD ON THE NEST

Then, hush-a-by, rock-a-by, little papoose,
You sail on the river of dreams;
Dear Manitou loves you and watches above you
Till time when the morning light gleams.

—*Charles Myall.*

NOTES

1. Bring to class different lullabys and slumber songs. Which ones do you like the best?
2. *Pă-pōōse′*. The name given to an Indian baby.
3. *Whip-po′-will* (*hwĭp-pō-wĭl*). The whip-poor-will, a night bird of the eastern United States and Canada, so named from its call.
4. *Roebuck* (*rō′buk′*). A male roe deer. The roe deer is one of the smallest, nimblest, and most graceful of deer.
5. *Manitou* (*măn′ĭ-tōō*). The god of the Indians, and the spirit which, to them, controls all nature.
6. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: daylight (dā′līt′), dȳ′ĭng, mûr′mŭr-ĭng, slŭm′bĕr-ĭng, māte, pīn′ĭng, prairie (prā′rĭ), gleams (glēms).
7. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) The river runs murmuring by.
   (*b*) The squirrel has gone to his nest.
   (*c*) His mate lies asleep at his side.
   (*d*) Dear Manitou loves you and watches above you.

EXERCISES

1. What is a little papoose?
2. What in the first stanza tells of the evening time?
3. What tells of evening in stanza two?
4. What in stanza three tells that nature is sleeping?

5. Where are the mother and the papoose?
6. What does "you sail on the river of dreams" tell us?
7. Who is Manitou? Why does the mother feel that her little papoose is safe?
8. Read and re-read the lullaby until you find the cradle motion in it.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

FIELD: Wynken, Blynken, and Nod. Old English Lullaby. Norse Lullaby. Japanese Lullaby.
SCOTT: Lullaby of an Infant Chief.
RANKIN: The Babie.
MACDONALD: Baby.
HOLLAND: Lullaby.
RILEY: Slumber.
TENNYSON: Sweet and Low.

DEWDROPS

A million little diamonds
  Sparkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens cried,
  "Give me a diamond, please!"

But while they held their hands out far,
  To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
  And stole them all away.

— *Mary Frances Butts.*

BOY WANTED

EVERY boy wants to be a success. The right kinds of boys make successful men. If a boy saw in the paper, "Wanted — a boy to drive a team," he would know at once whether he could do the work. He would hurry to get the job if it suited him. Not what one man wants of a boy, but what all the world wants of every boy, is here given. Any boy who can honestly do these things is sure to become a strong, successful man.

BOY WANTED *

WANTED — A boy who stands straight, sits straight, acts straight and talks straight.

WANTED — A boy who listens carefully when spoken to, who asks questions when he does not understand, and does not ask questions about things that are none of his business.

WANTED — A boy whose finger nails are not in mourning, whose ears are clean, whose shoes are polished, whose clothes are brushed, whose hair is combed and whose teeth are well cared for.

WANTED — A boy who moves quickly and makes as little noise about it as possible.

*Used by the courteous permission of the author, Dr. Frank Crane.

WANTED — A boy who whistles in the street but not where he ought to keep still.

WANTED — A boy who looks cheerful, has a ready smile for everybody, and never sulks.

WANTED — A boy who is polite to every man and respectful to every woman and girl.

WANTED — A boy who does not smoke cigarettes and has no desire to learn how.

WANTED — A boy who never bullies other boys nor allows other boys to bully him.

WANTED — A boy who, when he does not know a thing, says, "I do not know," and when he has made a mistake says, "I'm sorry," and when requested to do a thing immediately says, "I'll try."

WANTED — A boy who looks you right in the eye and tells the truth every time.

WANTED — A boy who would rather lose his job or be expelled from school than tell a lie or be a cad.

WANTED — A boy who is more eager to know how to speak good English than to talk slang.

WANTED — A boy who does not want to be "smart" nor in any wise attract attention.

WANTED — A boy who is eager to read good, wholesome books.

WANTED — A boy whom other boys like.

WANTED — A boy who is perfectly at ease in the company of respectable girls.

WANTED — A boy who is not a goody-goody, a prig, or a little Pharisee, but just healthy, happy and full of life.

WANTED — A boy who is not sorry for himself and not forever thinking and talking about himself.

WANTED — A boy who is friendly with his mother and more intimate with her than with any one else.

WANTED — A boy who makes you feel good when he is around.

This boy is wanted everywhere. The family wants him, the school wants him, the office wants him, the boys and girls want him, and all creation wants him.— *Frank Crane.*

NOTES

1. Frank Crane is a noted minister and writer now living in Chicago. He has written many charming short articles for both old and young.
2. Collect a number of good "Want Ads" from the newspaper. See what different persons want. From the paper, can you tell what things most people seem to want?
3. *In mourning* (*mōrn'ĭng*). In black; here the meaning is *dirty.*
4. *A cad* (*kăd*). A low, vulgar fellow; a sneak.
5. *Slang.* Newly made words and expressions not approved in language. The language of low, ignorant, or thoughtless persons.

6. *A goody-goody.* A sissy; a boy who is so overnice that he is not a real live boy.
7. *A prig.* A big-head, or "smarty"; one who thinks he knows a great deal when he doesn't.
8. *A little Pharisee* (*făr'ĭ-sē*). One who pretends to be much better than he really is. The Pharisees pretended to be better than Jesus.
9. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of as here used, and use in sentences of your own: straight (strāt), questions (kwĕs'chŭnz), business (bĭz'nĕs), polished (pŏl'ĭsht), combed (kōmd), whistles (hwĭs' 'lz), respectful (rĕ-spĕkt'fo͝ol), cigarettes (sĭg'ȧ-rĕts'), bullies (bo͝ol'ĭz), ĭm-mē'dĭ-ât-lў, expelled (ĕks-pĕld'), wholesome (hōl'sŭm), respectable (rĕ-spĕk'tȧ-b'l), ĭn'tĭ-mât.
10. Read slowly and distinctly:
    (*a*) A boy who stands straight, sits straight, acts straight and talks straight.
    (*b*) A boy who whistles in the street.
    (*c*) A boy who is eager to read good, wholesome books.
    (*d*) A boy who is not a goody-goody, a prig, or a little Pharisee.
    (*e*) A boy who is friendly with his mother.

EXERCISES

1. Why should a boy stand straight and sit straight?
2. When should a boy not ask questions?
3. Why should a boy not allow others to bully him?
4. What is the right thing to do if one has made a mistake?
5. Why should one speak well?
6. Why should one read good books?

7. What does a boy have to do to be liked by other boys?
8. Why should a boy be more intimate with his mother than with any one else?
9. Write ten rules which, if followed, will make a successful man of any boy.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BATES: Speak Gently.
O'REILLY: Habits.
ANONYMOUS: Try, Try Again.
BURNS: A Man's a Man for a' That.
CHADWICK: The Making of Men.
ALCOTT: Little Men. Little Women.
JONES: What Constitutes a State?

ONE GENTLE WORD

One gentle word that we may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle, poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

— *Anonymous.*

SEE THE BEAUTIFUL

Never lose an opportunity to see anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting.— *Charles Kingsley.*

SEVEN TIMES ONE ARE SEVEN

BIRTHDAY parties with presents, games, and cakes with candles for each year, make the hearts of children wild with joy. But children like to work and see things around them as well as play. In this poem, a little child of seven, proud that it is so old, tells of the things that make it happy on its birthday.

SEVEN TIMES ONE ARE SEVEN

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
  There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over —
  Seven times one are seven.

I am old! so old I can write a letter;
  My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
  They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
  And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing,—
  You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee, you're a dusty fellow;
You've powdered your legs with gold;
O brave Marshmary buds, rich and yellow!
Give me your money to hold.

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtledoves dwell;
O Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell.

And show me your nest with the young ones in it,—
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day.

— *Jean Ingelow.*

NOTES

1. Tell of the best times you have had at birthday parties.
2. Tell things children do on their birthday that show they think they are old.
3. "*Seven times.*" This refers to the multiplication table.
4. *Marshmary* (*märsh'mā-rĭ*). Marsh Marigold, a flower growing in wet, marshy places, often called *cowslip.*

5. *Columbine* (*kŏl'ŭm-bīn*). The word means *dove-like*, from the fact that the outer parts of the flower fold over inner parts said to resemble twin turtledoves. A beautiful drooping, somewhat bell-shaped flower, a great favorite in mountain districts.
6. *Cŭck'o͞o-pint*. A beautiful cultivated flower commonly called *wake-robin*, and jack-in-the-pulpit.
7. Be prepared to pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: birthday (bûrth'-dā'), sail'ĭng, shīn'ĭng, fail'ĭng, bow (bō), wrong (rŏng), hĭd'dĕn, forgiven (fŏr-gĭv''n), vĕl'vĕt, powdered (pou'dĕr'd), wrapper (răp'ẽr), lĭn'nĕt, clăp'pẽr.
8. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) There's no dew left on the daisies and clover.
   (*b*) The lambs play always, they know no better.
   (*c*) You Moon! have you done something wrong in heaven
   That God has hidden your face?
   (*d*) Open your folded wrapper where two twin turtledoves dwell.
   (*e*) Show me your nest with the young ones in it.

EXERCISES

1. How old is the child who is speaking?
2. What tells you what time of day it is?
3. Why does the child feel *old*?
4. Why does the child say the lambs know no better than to play always?
5. What does the little child notice about the moon?
6. How has the bee powdered its legs?
7. What is the "money" the child wants to hold?

8. What does the child notice about the Columbine? About the Cuckoo-pint?
9. Why does the child say, "You may trust me, linnet"?
10. How many pretty things has this child of seven years seen on her birthday?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ALDRICH: Marjorie's Almanac.
WORDSWORTH: We are Seven.
SMITH: Jack-in-the-Pulpit.
WESTWOOD: Little Bell.
THAXTER: Little Gustava.
KEBLE: All Things Beautiful.

PRICE OF SUCCESS

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed,
Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come — go on, true Soul!
Thou 'lt win the prize, thou 'lt reach the goal.

— *Charles Mackay.*

THE BEST DO

Love the beautiful,
  Seek out the true,
Wish for the good,
  And the best do!

— *Mendelssohn.*

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK

LONG, long ago, before grown folk had daily papers, and before children had storybooks to read, story-telling was a favorite pastime. The sailor, home from a long voyage, the soldier fresh from battle, the shepherd, the plowboy, or the clown, was each in turn the center of a group of eager listeners.

"Jack and the Bean Stalk" is one of the best liked of the old, old stories. It has been told in many languages, among many peoples. Each time it comes out the same clear, clean story of an idle, worthless boy who was led by a fairy to right the wrongs a cruel giant had done to his father, and to take good care of his mother the rest of her days.

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK

THE STRANGE TRADE

In the days of good King Alfred, there lived a poor woman whose cottage was in a lonely country village, many miles from London.

She had an only son named Jack, of whom she was so fond that she allowed him to do exactly as he pleased. Jack never paid the least attention to anything his mother said, but was idle,

careless, and wasteful. His follies were not owing to a bad nature, but to his mother's foolish fondness.

Little by little, he spent all that she had, until scarcely anything was left but a cow. Then, for the first time in her life, his mother scolded him.

"Cruel, cruel boy!" said she, "you have at last brought me to ruin. I have not money enough left to buy even a bit of bread; nothing is left to sell but my poor cow. It grieves me sadly to part with her. But you will not work; and we cannot starve."

Jack now felt sorry for his bad conduct, but his sorrow was soon over. The next day he began begging his mother to let him take the cow to the nearest town and sell her. At first she refused; but at last, seeing nothing better to do, she consented.

As Jack went along he met a butcher, who stopped and spoke to him. "Where," he asked, "are you going with that cow?"

"Oh," replied Jack, "I am taking her to town to sell her."

Now the butcher had some queer-looking beans in his hat. Jack had never seen anything like them. They were large and odd-shaped and speckled with all the colors of the rainbow, and Jack admired them greatly.

The butcher noticed that Jack seemed to fancy the beans; and knowing the boy's heedless temper, he thought it a fine chance to make a good bargain. So he offered Jack all the beans in his hat in exchange for the cow.

The silly boy was delighted at the offer, and the bargain was struck at once. The butcher took the cow, and Jack ran home with the beans. So pleased was he over the trade that he called aloud to his mother before he reached the door, thinking to give her a pleasant surprise.

But when she saw the beans, and heard Jack's story, her patience quite forsook her. Seizing the beans, she tossed them out of the window into the garden. Then she threw her apron over her head and wept bitterly. Jack tried to comfort her, but in vain; and having nothing to eat, they both went supperless to bed.

When Jack awoke he felt that something strange had happened. Looking towards the window of his bedchamber, he saw that it was darkened by huge vines. Hastily dressing, he ran out into the garden, and found that the beans had taken root and sprung up amazingly. The stalks were very thick, and had twined together, until they formed a sort of ladder, and they were so tall that their tops seemed to reach the clouds.

With all his faults, Jack was a bold and active

lad. At once he resolved to climb to the top of the bean stalks. So he ran in to tell his mother, not doubting that she would be pleased with his plan.

His mother forbade him to go,— said it would break her heart if he did,— but all in vain. As usual Jack paid no attention to what she said, and had his own way. Indeed, something within him seemed urging him to go; he felt that he must climb to the top of that strange ladder.

So he set out, and after climbing for several hours, reached the top of the bean stalks, quite fagged out.

JACK'S FAIRY FRIEND

Jack found himself in a strange country,— a desert where not a tree, a shrub, or a house was to be seen.

He seated himself on a broken rock and thought of his mother,— how much better it would have been if he had minded her. It seemed to him that he must die of hunger. However, he walked on, hoping to find some house where he might beg something to eat and drink. He did not find it; but after a while, he saw at a distance a beautiful lady, walking all alone. She was elegantly clad, and carried a white wand, on the top of which sat a peacock of pure gold.

Jack, who was not easily put out, walked boldly up to her. But before he could say a word, the lady, with a bewitching smile, asked him how he came there.

Jack told her all about the bean stalk.

"My lad," said the lady, "do you remember your father?"

"No, madam," replied Jack. "But I am sure there is some mystery about him; for whenever I name him to my mother, she always begins to weep, and will tell me nothing."

"She dare not," replied the lady. "But I dare and will. For know, young man, that I am a fairy, and was your father's friend. But fairies are bound by laws as well as mortals. One of these laws I broke, and so I lost my power for a term of years and was unable to help your father when he most needed it; and he died."

Here the fairy looked so sad that Jack's heart warmed to her, and he begged her earnestly to tell him more.

"I will," she replied, "only you must promise faithfully to obey me in everything, or you will perish yourself."

Jack was brave, and besides, his fortunes were so bad they could not well be worse, so he promised.

"Your father, Jack," the fairy went on, "was a good man,— brave, gentle, and kind to the

poor. He had a good wife, faithful servants, plenty of money, and many friends. But among his friends was one false one. This was a giant whose life your father had saved. The ungrateful wretch returned evil for good; he killed your father and seized all his property. Then after making your mother take an oath that she would never tell you anything about your father, he turned her off, with you in her arms, to wander about the wide world as she might.

"I could do nothing to help her, as my power returned only on the day you went to sell your cow. It was I who caused you to take the beans. It was I who caused the bean stalk to grow, and made you wish to climb up into this strange country, for it is here that the wicked giant lives who slew your father.

"It is you alone who must punish him, and rid the world of a monster who will never do anything but evil. I will assist you.

"You may lawfully take all his riches, for everything he has belonged to your father and is therefore rightfully yours. Now, farewell! Do not let your mother know that I have seen you or told you your father's history; this is my command, and if you disobey me, you will suffer for it. Now go."

Jack asked where he was to go.

"Along the straight road, till you see the castle where the giant lives. You must then act as you think best, and I will aid you in any trouble. Farewell!" Then with a kindly smile upon her face she vanished.

THE GIANT AND HIS HEN

Jack went forward till about sunset, when, to his great joy, he espied a great castle. A plain-looking woman was at the door. Jack walked boldly up to her and begged for a bit of bread and a night's lodging.

The woman seemed greatly surprised, and said that it was very uncommon to see a human being near their house. "For," said she, "every one about here knows that my husband is a powerful giant who never eats anything but human flesh. He will walk fifty miles any day to get it; he has been out all day to-day for that very purpose. If he sees you, you are lost."

This tale greatly terrified Jack, but he still hoped to escape the giant, and begged the woman to give him something to eat, and to take him in and hide him for that night only, saying that he was very hungry and weary, and had nowhere else to go.

She was really a kind-hearted woman and was sorry for Jack; so at last she gave way, and took him into the house. First, they entered a fine

hall, splendidly furnished; then they passed through several large rooms. A long, dark passage came next, on one side of which there was a grating of iron, and behind this grating was a dismal dungeon. In this dungeon were the giant's prisoners; Jack could hear their groans as he went by.

The lad was half dead with fear and heartily wished himself home again; he even began to suspect the giant's wife, fearing that she had only let him in that she might cast him, too, into the dungeon.

But this was not so; for the good woman took him into the kitchen and bade him sit down and gave him plenty to eat and drink. But just as he was finishing his supper, there came a great knocking at the outer door, which made the whole house tremble.

"Ah! that's the giant," cried the poor woman, pale with fear. "If he sees you, he will kill you, and me too. What shall I do?"

"Hide me in the oven," cried Jack, now bold as a lion at the thought of being face to face with his father's cruel enemy. So he crept into the oven,— for there was no fire near it,— and listened to the giant's loud voice and his heavy step as he walked up and down the kitchen, scolding his wife.

At last he seated himself at the table, and

Jack, peeping through a crack in the oven door, was amazed at the quantity of food he devoured. It seemed as if he would never stop eating and drinking; but he did at last, and, leaning back, called to his wife in a voice like thunder:—

"Bring me my hen!"

She obeyed, and placed upon the table a very beautiful live hen.

"Lay!" roared the giant, and the hen at once laid an egg of solid gold.

"Lay another!" and every time the giant said this, the hen laid a larger egg than before.

He amused himself a long time with his hen, and then sent his wife to bed, while he fell asleep by the fireside, and snored like the roaring of cannon.

As soon as he was asleep, Jack crept out of the oven, seized the hen, and ran off with her. He got safely out of the house, and, finding his way along the road he had come, reached the top of the bean stalk and climbed down it in safety.

His mother was overjoyed to see him; for she thought he had come to some ill end.

"Not a bit of it, mother," said Jack; "look here!" and he showed her the hen.

"Now lay!" and the hen obeyed him and laid as many golden eggs as he desired.

These eggs being sold, Jack and his mother

got plenty of money and for some months lived very happily together.

JACK AND THE MONEY BAGS

But after a time, Jack felt another great longing to climb the bean stalk and carry away some more of the giant's ill-gotten riches. He had told his mother of his adventure, but had been very careful not to say a word about his father.

He thought of his journey again and again, but did not dare to speak to his mother about it; for he was sure she would try to prevent his going. However, one day he told her boldly that he must take another journey up the bean stalk. She begged and prayed him not to think of it.

She told him that the giant's wife would certainly know him again, and that the giant would like nothing better than to get him into his power, so that he might be revenged for the loss of his hen. No, she could not permit him to go.

Finding all his arguments in vain, Jack ceased talking,— and began preparing to go. He had some strange clothes made, and got something to color his skin with, hoping thus to disguise himself and so deceive the giant's wife.

A few mornings after, he rose very early, and without waking his mother, stole out and

climbed the bean stalk a second time. Tired and hungry, he reached the giant's castle late in the evening.

The giant's wife was at the door, as before. Jack went up to her, and, telling her a pitiful tale of his hunger and weariness, begged for food and drink and a night's lodging.

She told him (what he knew before very well) about her husband's being a powerful and cruel giant. "And," she added, "not long ago I took in a poor, hungry, friendless boy, and the ungrateful little creature ran off with one of my husband's treasures. Ever since then the giant has been very harsh with me. Every morning and every evening he beats me and scolds me, saying that I was the cause of his ill luck."

Jack was sorry for her, but felt that he must get into the castle. So he only begged the harder. At last he gained his point. The woman took him into the kitchen as before; and after he had done eating and drinking, she hid him in an old lumber chest.

Soon the giant returned, walking so heavily that the house was shaken to its foundation.

He seated himself by the fire, and soon after exclaimed, "Wife, I smell fresh meat!"

"Oh!" replied his wife, "that is only a piece of raw meat that the crows dropped on the top of the house."

While supper was being prepared, the giant was very impatient and ill-tempered. He kept blaming his wife for the loss of his wonderful hen; and several times struck her for not being quick enough.

At last, having ended his supper, he cried, "Give me something to amuse me — my harp or my money bags."

"Which will you have, my dear?" asked his wife, meekly.

"My money bags," thundered he, "because they are heaviest to carry."

She brought them, staggering under the weight; two bags,— one filled with shining gold pieces, the other with bright new silver shillings. She emptied them out on the table, and the giant began counting them in great glee.

"Now go to bed, you numskull!" roared the giant. So the poor wife crept away.

From his hiding place Jack watched the counting of the shining coins, which he knew were really his own. The giant, little thinking that he was so carefully watched, reckoned up his money, and then tied up the two bags and put them down beside his chair, with his little dog to guard them.

At last he fell asleep as before, and snored so loud that it sounded like the roaring of the sea in a high wind, when the tide is coming in.

As soon as he thought all was safe, Jack stole out; but just as he laid his hands upon the money bags, the little dog, which he had not noticed before, started from under the giant's chair and barked most furiously.

Instead of trying to escape, Jack stood still, though he expected his enemy to awake every instant. But the giant snored on; and Jack, seeing a piece of meat, threw it to the dog, which at once stopped barking and began to devour it.

So Jack shouldered the two money bags and made off with them. But they were so heavy that it took him two whole days to climb down the bean stalk and get back to his mother's door.

When he came home he found the cottage deserted. He ran from room to room; his mother was not there. He then hastened to the village, where he at last found his mother sick of a fever and, as it was thought, dying.

Then Jack blamed himself bitterly for ever having left her. His mother, however, at sight of her dear son, revived, and slowly recovered.

Jack gave his mother his two money bags; they had the cottage rebuilt and refurnished, and lived more happily than they had ever lived before.

7 THE TELL-TALE HARP

For three years Jack stayed quietly at home and tried to think no more of the giant and his castle.

But again the old longing sprang up in his heart. It was in vain that he tried to conquer it. It was in vain that he tried to amuse himself. Rising at the first dawn of day, he would sit and gaze at the bean stalk for hours at a time.

At last he resolved to go. So he made ready a new disguise, better and more complete than the former. One midsummer's day, he awoke as soon as it was light, and, without telling his mother, again climbed the bean stalk.

Everything happened much as before. He reached the giant's castle at nightfall and found the wife standing, as usual, at the door. She did not in the least remember him, but was very unwilling to admit him to the castle. After much coaxing, however, he was admitted, and this time was hid in a big copper kettle.

When the giant returned, he roared furiously, "I smell fresh meat!"

Jack did not feel at all scared, as he had said the same before and had been soon satisfied. But this time the giant started up suddenly and, in spite of all his wife could say, searched all about the room.

While this was going forward, Jack was ex-

ceedingly terrified, wishing himself at home a thousand times; and once, when the giant put his hand upon the lid of the kettle, Jack thought his end had come.

However, nothing happened; for the giant did not take the trouble to lift the lid, but sat down shortly by the fireside, and began to eat his supper.

When he had finished he commanded his wife to fetch down his harp. Jack peeped under the lid of the kettle and saw a most beautiful harp.

The giant placed it on the table and said, "Play!" and the harp played of its own accord the most beautiful music Jack had ever heard.

Jack, who was a very good musician, was delighted and wished for the harp more than for any other of his enemy's treasures. But as the giant was not very fond of music, the harp only lulled him to sleep earlier than usual. As for his wife, she had gone to bed as soon as ever she could.

As soon as he dared, Jack got out of the kettle, and seizing the harp, was eagerly running off with it.

But the harp had been enchanted by a fairy, and finding itself in strange hands, it called out loudly, just as if it had been alive, "Master! master!"

The giant awoke, started up, and saw Jack

scampering off as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Oh, you villain!" cried he. "It is you who have robbed me of my hen and my money bags, and now you are stealing my harp also. Wait till I catch you, and I'll eat you up alive."

"Very well; try!" shouted Jack, who was not a bit afraid, for he saw that the giant was so tipsy he could hardly stand, much less run.

So, with the giant stumbling and staggering after him, Jack ran to the top of the bean stalk, and scrambled down it as fast as he could; and all the while the harp kept wailing, "Master! master!" till Jack said, "Stop!" and it stopped.

When Jack got to the bottom, he found his mother sitting at her cottage door, sorrowfully weeping.

"Here, mother," said Jack, "just give me the hatchet; make haste." For he knew he had not a moment to spare; he could see the giant coming down the bean stalk.

But the monster's ill deeds had come to an end. With the hatchet Jack cut the bean stalk close off at the roots; and the giant fell headlong into the garden and was killed on the spot.

Instantly the fairy appeared. She explained everything to Jack's mother, begging her to forgive Jack, who promised faithfully to be a

good son and make her happy all the rest of her days.— *Old Folk-Tale.*

NOTES

1. King Alfred (Ăl′frĕd) was the first famous king of England. He reigned from 871 A.D. to 901 A.D. See Baldwin's *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*, "King Alfred and the Cakes," "King Alfred and the Beggar."
2. *Bargain was struck.* The bargain was made. The boy accepted the butcher's offer.
3. *Fagged out* (*făgd*). Tired out.
4. *Espied* (*ĕs-pīd′*). Saw.
5. *Shĭl′lĭngs.* Silver coins of Great Britain, each worth about twenty-four cents.
6. *Nŭm′skull.* A dunce, a know-nothing.
7. Be prepared to pronounce, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: attention (*ă-tĕn′shŭn*), wāste′fŭl, fŏl′lies (ĭz), beggary (bĕg′ĕr-ĭ), rē-fūsed′, cŏn-sĕnt′ĕd, butcher (bo͝och′ĕr), bargain (bär′gĕn), comfort (kŭm′fĕrt), ȧ-māz′ĭng-lў, resolved (rē-zŏlvd′), doubting (dout′ĭng), forbade (fôr-băd′), bĕwitching (bē-wĭch′ĭng), mўs′tĕr-y, ŭn-grāte′fŭl, mŏn′stĕr, lodging (lŏj′ĭng), dismal (diz′mȧl), dungeon (dŭn′jŭn), adventure (ăd-vĕn′-tu͡r), disguise (dĭs-gīz′), arguments (är′gū-mĕntz), foun-dā′tion (shŭn), ĭm-pā′tient (shĕnt), reckoned (rĕk′ ’nd), fū′rĭ-ous-ly (ŭs-lĭ), scampering (skăm′pĕr-ĭng), tĭp′sy.
8. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) Jack never paid the least attention to anything his mother said.

(*b*) "Cruel, cruel boy!" said she, "you have at last brought me to ruin."

(*c*) Seizing the beans, she tossed them out of the window into the garden.

(*d*) After climbing for several hours, he reached the top of the bean stalk.

(*e*) For know, young man, that I am a fairy, and was your father's friend.

(*f*) It is here that the wicked giant lives who slew your father.

(*g*) Jack walked boldly up to her and begged for a bit of bread and a night's lodging.

(*h*) Wait till I catch you, and I'll eat you up alive.

EXERCISES

1. What kind of boy was Jack?
2. Why was Jack's sorrow so soon over?
3. What bargain did Jack make with the butcher?
4. Why did the mother toss the beans out of the window?
5. What strange thing happened in the night?
6. Why did Jack climb the bean stalk against his mother's wish?
7. What did the fairy in the strange country tell Jack?
8. What did the giant owe to Jack's father?
9. How had the giant treated Jack's father?
10. Why did the fairy wish to rid the world of this monster?
11. What did she tell Jack to do?
12. Tell of Jack's meeting the woman near the castle.
13. What things he saw and heard terrified Jack?
14. Tell of the hen that laid golden eggs and how Jack got her.
15. Why did Jack long to climb the bean stalk again?

16. How did he disguise himself in order to deceive the giant's wife?
17. Why was it so hard for Jack to get into the castle?
18. Tell of Jack's getting the money bags.
19. How did he find his mother on his return?
20. Why did he later "sit and gaze at the bean stalk for hours at a time"?
21. What narrow escapes did Jack have on his third visit to the castle?
22. What told the giant of Jack's theft?
23. Tell of Jack's escape.
24. What happened to the giant?
25. How did Jack's mother find out all the truth? Why was she so glad to forgive Jack?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ANDERSEN: Little Thumb. The Flying Trunk.
RICHARDS: The Golden Windows.
TOPELIUS: The Red Cottage.
GRIMM: The Golden Goose.
JACOBS: Jack the Cunning Thief.
CARY: Fairy Folk.
HARRISON: Hans and the Four Great Giants.

THE STAR

They of the East beheld the star
That over Bethlehem's manger glowed;
With joy they hailed it from afar,
And followed where it marked the road,
Till, where its rays directly fell,
They found the Hope of Israel.

— John Pierpont.

HABITS

FOLD a piece of paper. Open it. It always folds easier the next time. The little child toddles at first, but soon learns to walk well. What one does over and over again becomes easier for him. The boy who helps father each day, or the girl who always washes dishes with a smile, finds the task easier as time goes on. It is as easy to form good habits as it is to form bad ones. Something of how habits are formed and of how they are changed or "broken," is given in the following poem.

HABITS

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.

Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine ere free we stand.

As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the current's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step towards shore
Shallower is than that before.

— *John Boyle O'Reilly.*

NOTES

1. Tell of New Year's resolutions you have made. Tell whether or not you kept them.
2. Tell how you have broken a bad habit.
3. *Hăb'ĭt.* What one does. The word *habit* came from an old word meaning *to have.* What one does, or *has*, in his thoughts and acts, may be said to be his *habits.*
4. *Neck and wrist.* Completely.
5. Pronounce correctly, give the meaning of as here used, and use in sentences: gathered (găth'ērd), lose (lo͞oz), yielded (yēld'ĕd), refuse (rē-fūz'), strands (străndz), twĭst, untwine (ŭn-twīn'), builded (bĭld'ĕd), overthrown (ō'vēr-thrōn'), current (kŭr'ĕnt), swe͞ep, shallower (shăl'ō-ēr).
6. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) How shall I a habit break?
   (*b*) As you yielded, now refuse.
   (*c*) Thread by thread the strands we twist
   Till they bind us neck and wrist.
   (*d*) We must toil unhelped, alone.
   (*e*) The stream grows deep toward the current's downward sweep.

EXERCISES

1. What is the question answered in this poem?
2. What is the answer given in line 2?
3. What is the meaning of line 3?
4. What does line 4 mean?
5. What illustration of this is given in stanza two?
6. How is this further shown in the next stanza?
7. What makes it easier to break a habit?
8. How is this truth shown from wading in a stream?
9. What must one do to quit bad habits?
10. What must one do to form good habits?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MACE: The Necklace of Truth.
PERRAULT: The Three Wishes.
CHILD: Who Stole the Bird's Nest?
HOLLAND: The High Court of Inquiry.
ANONYMOUS: Try, Try Again.
ANONYMOUS: The Wonderful Old Man.

SONG

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

— *William Shakespeare.*

BUTTERCUP GOLD

MRS. LAURA E. RICHARDS is one of the most charming of American story tellers. She is the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." From her home in Gardiner, Maine, she sends out the most beautiful children's stories. Here is one of her *Five-Minute Stories* in which she tells of how a little girl tried to make her poor mother happy by getting gold for her out of the buttercups. The story tells how sad the little girl was when she thought she had no gold, and how she danced with joy when a kind old man came along and helped her to get real gold.

BUTTERCUP GOLD*

Oh! the cupperty-buts! and oh! the cupperty-buts! out in the meadow, shining under the trees and sparkling over the lawn, millions and millions of them, each one a bit of purest gold from Mother Nature's mint. Jessy stood at the window looking out at them and thinking, as she often had thought before, that there were no flowers so beautiful.

"Cupperty-buts," she had been used to call them when she was a wee baby girl and could

* Used by special arrangement with the L. C. Page Company.

not speak without tumbling over her words and mixing them up in the queerest fashion; and now that she was a very great girl, actually six years old, they were still cupperty-buts to her, and would never be anything else, she said. There was nothing she liked better than to watch the lovely golden things and nod to them as they nodded to her; but this morning her little face looked anxious and troubled, and she gazed at the flowers with an intent and inquiring look, as if she had expected them to reply to her unspoken thoughts. What these thoughts were I am going to tell you.

Half an hour before, she had called to her mother, who was just going out, and begged her to come and look at the cupperty-buts.

"They are brighter than ever, Mamma! Do just come and look at them! golden, golden, golden! There must be fifteen thousand million dollars' worth of gold just on the lawn, I should think?"

And her mother, pausing to look out, said very sadly, "Ah, my darling, if I only had this day a little of that gold, what a happy woman I should be!"

And then the good mother went out, and there little Jessy stood, gazing at the flowers and repeating the words to herself over and over again, "If I only had a little of that gold!"

She knew that her mother was very, very poor and had to go out to work every day to earn food and clothes for herself and her little daughter; and the child's tender heart ached to think of the sadness in the dear mother's look and tone. Suddenly Jessy started and the sunshine flashed into her face.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "why shouldn't I get some of the gold from the cupperty-buts? I believe I could get some perfectly well. When Mamma wants to get the juice out of anything — meat or fruit or anything of that sort — she just boils it. And so, if I should boil the cupperty-buts, wouldn't all of the gold come out? Of course it would! Oh, joy! how pleased Mamma will be!"

Jessy's actions always followed her thoughts with great rapidity. In five minutes she was out on the lawn with a huge basket beside her, pulling away at the buttercups with might and main. Oh! how small they were! and how long it took even to cover the bottom of the basket! But Jessy worked with a will, and at the end of an hour she had picked enough to make at least a thousand dollars, as she calculated. That would do for one day, she thought; and now for the grand experiment! Before going out she had with much labor filled the great kettle with water, so now the water was boiling, and she

had only to put the buttercups in and put the cover on. When this was done she sat as patiently as she could, trying to pay attention to her knitting and not to look at the clock oftener than every two minutes.

"They must boil for an hour," she said, "and by that time all the gold will have come out."

Well, the hour did pass, somehow or other, though it was a very long one, and at eleven o'clock Jessy, with a mighty effort, lifted the kettle from the stove and carried it to the open door, that the fresh air might cool the boiling water. At first, when she lifted the cover, such a cloud of steam came out that she could see nothing; but in a moment the wind blew the steam aside and then she saw — oh, poor little Jessy!— she saw a mass of weeds floating about in a quantity of dirty, greenish water, and that was all. Not the smallest trace of gold, even in the buttercups themselves, was to be seen. Poor little Jessy! she tried hard not to cry, but it was a bitter disappointment; the tears came rolling down her cheeks faster and faster, till at length she sat down by the kettle, and, burying her face in her apron, sobbed as if her heart would break.

Presently, through her sobs, she heard a kind voice saying: "What is the matter, little one? Why do you cry so bitterly?" She looked up

and saw an old gentleman with white hair and a bright, cheery face standing by her.

At first Jessy could say nothing but "Oh! the cupperty-buts! Oh! the cupperty-buts!" but of course the old gentleman didn't know what she meant by that, so, as he urged her to tell him about her trouble, she dried her eyes and told him the melancholy little story — how her mother was very poor and said she wished she had some gold, and how she herself had tried to get the gold out of the buttercups by boiling them. "I was so sure I could get it out," she said, "and I thought Mamma would be so pleased! And now —"

Here she was very near breaking down again, but the gentleman patted her head and said cheerfully: "Wait a bit, little woman. Don't give up the ship yet. You know that gold is heavy, very heavy indeed, and if there were any it would be at the very bottom of the kettle, all covered with the weeds, so that you could not see it. I should not be at all surprised if you found some, after all. Run into the house and bring me a spoon with a long handle and we will fish in the kettle and see what we can find."

Jessy's face brightened and she ran into the house. If any one had been standing near just at that moment I think it is possible that he might have seen the old gentleman's hand go

into his pocket and out again very quickly and might have heard a little splash in the kettle; but nobody was near, so of course I cannot say anything about it. At any rate, when Jessy came out with the spoon he was standing with both hands in his pockets, looking in the opposite direction. He took the great iron spoon and fished about in the kettle for some time. At last there was a little clinking noise, and the old gentleman lifted the spoon. Oh, wonder and delight! In it lay three great, broad, shining pieces of gold! Jessy could hardly believe her eyes. She stared and stared, and when the old gentleman put the gold into her hand she still stood as if in a happy dream, gazing at it. Suddenly she started and remembered that she had not thanked her kindly helper. She looked up and began, "Thank you, Sir"; but the old gentleman was gone.

Well, the next question was, how could Jessy possibly wait till twelve o'clock for her mother to come home? Knitting was out of the question. She could do nothing but dance and look out of the window, and look out of the window and dance, holding the precious coins tight in her hand. At last a well-known footstep was heard outside the door and Mrs. Gray came in, looking very tired and worn. She smiled, however, when she saw Jessy, and said, "Well, my

darling, I am glad to see you looking so bright. How has the morning gone with my little housekeeper?"

"Oh, mother!" cried Jessy, hopping about on one foot, "it has gone very well! oh, very, *very*, *very* well! Oh, my mother dear, what do you think I have got in my hand? *What* do you think? Oh, what *do* you think?" and she went dancing round and round till poor Mrs. Gray was quite dizzy with watching her. At last she stopped and holding out her hand opened it and showed her mother what was in it. Mrs. Gray was really frightened.

"Jessy, my child!" she cried, "where did you get all that money?"

"Out of the cupperty-buts, Mamma!" said Jessy, "out of the cupperty-buts! and it's all for you, every bit of it! Dear Mamma, now you will be happy, will you not?"

"Jessy," said Mrs. Gray, "have you lost your senses or are you playing some trick on me? Tell me all about this at once, dear child, and don't talk nonsense."

"But it isn't nonsense, Mamma," cried Jessy, "and it did come out of the cupperty-buts!"

And then she told her mother the whole story. The tears came into Mrs. Gray's eyes, but they were tears of joy and gratitude.

"Jessy dear," she said, "when we say our

prayers at night let us never forget to pray for that good gentleman. May Heaven bless him and reward him! for if it had not been for him, Jessy dear, I fear you would never have found the "Buttercup Gold."— *Laura E. Richards.*

NOTES

1. Other stories of Mrs. Richards are: *Queen Hildegarde Stories*, *Five-Minute Stories*, *Melody*, *The Joyous Story of Toto*, and *Golden Windows.*
2. Tell of how you have seen children catch golden sunlight in their hands, or how you have seen them try other impossible things.
3. After they have read this story, have the children arrange to act it. One can be Jessy, one the mother, one the old man, and the others may be other children in the flower-field gathering flowers and making remarks about little Jessy.
4. *Cupperty-buts.* Buttercups.
5. *The grand ĕx-pĕr′ĭ-mĕnt.* The test upon which she had set.
6. *Melancholy* (*mĕl′ăn-chŏl-y̆*). Sad.
7. *Don't give up the ship.* Don't give up. The last words of Captain Lawrence on the deck of the *Chesapeake* during the War of 1812: "Don't give up the ship!"
8. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: mĭnt, tŭm′blĭng, mĭx′ĭng, queerest (kwēr′ĕst), fashion (făsh′ŭn), ĭn-tĕnt′, ĭn-quīr′ĭng (kwīr), ŭn-spōk′ĕn, begged (bĕg′d), rē-peat′ĭng, tĕn′dĕr, rȧ-pĭd′ĭ-ty, calculated (kăl′kū-lāt′d), patiently (pā′shĕnt lĭ), attention (ă-tĕn′shŭn), knitting (ĭ ŭt ĭng), effort (ĕf′ĕrt), burying (bĕr′ĭ-ĭng).

urged (ûrg'd), měl'ăn-chŏl-ў, opposite (ŏp'ô zĭt), direction (dĭ-rĕk'shŭn), clĭnk'ĭng, precious (prĕsh'-ŭs), grăt'ĭ-tūde.

9. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) Jessy stood at the window looking out at them and thinking.
   (*b*) There must be fifteen thousand million dollars' worth of gold just on the lawn.
   (*c*) If I only had this day a little of that gold.
   (*d*) He took the great iron spoon and fished about in the kettle for some time.
   (*e*) Jessy, have you lost your senses or are you playing some trick on me?

EXERCISES

1. What did Jessy mean by "cupperty-buts"?
2. What was she thinking of as she looked at the flowers?
3. What made her think they had gold in them?
4. What words did she repeat to herself?
5. What thought made her so sad?
6. What caused the sunshine to flash into her face?
7. What was her "grand experiment"?
8. What caused her such bitter disappointment?
9. What story did she tell the old gentleman?
10. What did the old man tell her to do?
11. What do you think the old man did when Jessy was gone?
12. What did he find in the kettle?
13. Why did she not thank the old man until he had gone?
14. How did she surprise her mother?
15. Why did not her mother believe the story?
16. What tells you that Jessy's mother knew where the gold came from?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

RICHARDS: The Golden Windows.
SHERMAN: The Daisies. The Dewdrop.
TAYLOR: The Violet.
MACDONALD: Little White Lily.
CRAIK: Violets.
LONGFELLOW: The Flowers.
BRYANT: The Dandelion.
GRIMM: Star Flowers.
ANDERSEN: The Daisy.
WILTSE: The Story of a Cowslip.

THE GENTLEMAN

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can:
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

— *William Makepeace Thackeray.*

NO RAINBOW

If all were rain and never sun,
No bow would span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain,
There 'd be no rainbow still.

— *Christina G. Rossetti.*

THE VIOLET

WE have all hunted for the first violets in springtime. Sometimes we have found them in the meadows, sometimes in field or forest. We have found them in quiet places, usually half hidden, and always with heads bowed. We prize them for their sweet scent, beautiful colors, and delicate modesty. This little poem tells all we ever thought or felt about these sweet springtime flowers.

THE VIOLET

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair!
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

— *Jane Taylor.*

NOTES

1. How many kinds of violets do you know? Tell of good times you have had picking violets.
2. *Rō′sў bow′ēr.* A sheltered place for roses, usually in the yard or garden.
3. *Dĭf′fūsed.* Spread in all directions.
4. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: shā′dў, mŏd′ĕst, stalk (stôk), view (vū), graced (grāst), hīd′ĭng, cŏn-tĕnt′, bl$\overline{oo}$m, arrayed (ă-rād), sī′lĕnt, pretty (prĭt′ĭ), hû-mĭl′ĭ-t ў
5. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) Its stalk was bent, it hung its head.
   (*b*) And yet it was a lovely flower.
   (*c*) Yet there it was content to bloom
   In modest tints arrayed.
   (*d*) Within the silent shade.
   (*e*) Then let me to the valley go.

EXERCISES

1. Where is the violet usually found?
2. Tell something of how the violet looks.
3. Why does the poet say "As if to hide from view"?
4. For what better place is the violet fitted?
5. Why was it content where it was?
6. Explain "there diffused its sweet perfume."

7. What lesson does the poet want to learn from the violet?
8. If the violet were a person, what kind of person would it be?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LONGFELLOW: The Flowers.
THOMAS: Talking in Their Sleep.
ALDRICH: Marjorie's Almanac.
WHITTIER: The First Flowers.
SHERMAN: The Daisies. The Dewdrop.
MACDONALD: Little White Lily.
CRAIK: Violets.
LARCOM: Calling the Violet.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly errands to and fro —
Down humblest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful faces are those that wear —
It matters little if dark or fair —
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

— *David Swing.*

THE ECHO

WHEN one boy wishes to make another angry, he sometimes mocks him. Boys hate to be mocked. To call a boy "coward" or to mock him, makes him angry, and he is ready to fight. This is the story of a boy who thought some one was making fun of him. When he told his mother about it, he learned something of great interest both to children and to grown-ups everywhere.

THE ECHO

As Robert was playing in the woods one day he happened to cry out, "Ho, ho, ho!" He was surprised to hear coming back from a hill near by the same words, "Ho, ho, ho!"

He thought that some boy was hidden among the trees and was mocking him, and he called out, "Who are you?" Upon this the same words came back, "Who are you?"

Robert answered, "You know who I am!" And the words, "Who I am!" came back from the hill.

This made Robert very angry, and he shouted, "You are a dunce!" The voice quickly answered, "a dunce!"

Who could it be that was mocking him in this way? Robert ran toward the hill from which the sounds came, calling loudly as he ran. But soon no answer came back to him. He climbed the hill and looked among the trees and bushes, but he could not find anybody. He could hear nothing but the singing of the birds among the leaves and branches above him.

When he went home he told his mother that some boy had hidden himself in the woods and called him ugly names.

"Tell me all about it," said his mother. And Robert told her the whole story.

"Robert," said his mother, "you were angry with yourself alone. You heard nothing but your own words."

"Why, mother, how can that be?" said Robert.

"Did you never hear an echo?" asked his mother.

"An echo? No, mother, what is it?"

"I will tell you," said his mother. "You know when you play with your ball, and throw it against the side of a house, it bounds back to you."

"Yes, mother," said he, "and I catch it in my hands."

"Well," said his mother, "sometimes when you are in the open air, by the side of a hill or a

large building, and speak very loudly, your voice bounds back, so that you can hear again the very words which you speak.

"That, my son, is an echo. When you thought some one was mocking you, it was only the hill before you, echoing, or sending back, your own voice.

"The bad boy, as you thought it was, spoke no more angrily than yourself. If you had spoken kindly, you would have heard a kind reply. Had you spoken in a low, sweet, gentle tone, the voice that came back would have been as low, sweet, and gentle as your own."—*Æsop.*

NOTES

1. Stand near a building, or rock, or grove and call. Tell what you hear.
2. Reflect the sunlight from a small mirror. Does this tell you anything about the way sound travels?
3. *The Echo* (ĕk′ō). An old fable showing how a boy learned what an echo is.
4. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: happened (hăp′′nd), surprised (sŭr-prīzd), hidden (hĭd′ ′n), mŏck′ĭng, dunce (dŭns), climbed (klīmd), ŭg′ly, bounds, building (bĭld′ĭng), angrily (ăŋ′grĭ lĭ).
5. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) You know who I am.
   (*b*) Who could it be that was mocking him in this way?
   (*c*) Did you never hear an echo?

(*d*) It was only the hill before you, echoing, or sending back, your own voice.

(*e*) The bad boy, as you thought it was, spoke no more angrily than yourself.

EXERCISES

1. What first surprised Robert?
2. What did he think caused the sound?
3. Why did he grow angry?
4. Why did no answer come as he went near the hill?
5. What did he tell his mother?
6. What did she say to him?
7. Why did he not believe her?
8. What did his mother say caused the "mocking"?
9. How did she explain "echo" to him?
10. What is the nature of the echo's sound?
11. What do you think Robert should have learned from this?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Dog and His Shadow. The Body and Its Members. The Wind and the Sun. The Frolicsome Calf. The Sheep-Biter. The Young Man and His Cat.

FIELD: The Night Wind.

BATES: Speak Gently.

CARY: The Three Bugs. They Didn't Think.

ASPINWALL: The Echo-Maid.

KRIEGE: The Echo.

BULFINCH: Echo and Narcissus.

INDUSTRY

In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

— *John Gay.*

A FLOWER'S SONG

A TINY flower on the earth saw a bright star shining night after night in the sky. It seemed to the flower that heaven was so high and that the work of the star was so grand. The flower's earth-home seemed so lowly, but the flower grew more and more beautiful as it watched the star. This is the song the little flower sang to the shining star.

A FLOWER'S SONG *

Star! Star! why dost thou shine
  Each night upon my brow?
Why dost thou make me dream the dreams
  That I am dreaming now?

Star! Star! thy home is high —
  I am of humble birth;
Thy feet walk shining o'er the sky,
  Mine, only on the earth.

Star! Star! why make me dream?
  My dreams are all untrue;
And why is sorrow dark for me
  And heaven bright for you?

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Star! Star! oh! hide thy ray,
  And take it off my face;
Within my lowly home I stay,
  Thou in thy lofty place.

Star! Star! and still I dream,
  Along thy light afar
I seem to soar until I seem
  To be, like you, a star.

— *Abram Joseph Ryan.*

NOTES

1. Read Ryan's "The Star's Song," which is the answer of the star to the tiny flower.
2. There is an old story that tells how a bright star came down to earth to take the place of the flower. The flower has ever since been called the star-flower. Tell of any star-flowers you know.
3. *Hŭm'ble* (*b'l*). Lowly. Here born to live on earth.
4. *Soar* (*sōr*). Fly very high in the sky.
5. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: dreaming (drēm'ĭng), shīn'ĭng, sorrow (sŏr'ō), heaven (hĕv' 'n), lŏft'y̆, *ȧ*-lŏng', *ȧ*-fär, sēēm.
6. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) Why dost thou shine each night upon my brow?
   (*b*) I am of humble birth.
   (*c*) My dreams are all untrue.
   (*d*) Within my lowly home I stay.
   (*e*) I seem to soar until I seem
   To be, like you, a star.

EXERCISES

1. Who is speaking in the poem?
2. How does the flower's home compare with that of the star?
3. Why does heaven seem so much brighter than earth to the flower?
4. What is the star's ray?
5. Why does the flower ask the star to hide its ray?
6. What dreams do you think the flower is dreaming?
7. Why do its dreams seem to it to be "untrue"?
8. What makes the flower seem to become like the star?
9. If this flower were a person, what kind of person would it be?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MRS. HEMANS: The Stars.
GRIMM: Star Dollars.
TAYLOR: Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.
SHERMAN: Daisies.
KEBLE: All Things Beautiful.
EMERSON: The Rhodora.
RICHARDS: The Golden Windows. Following a Sunbeam.

THE RAINBOW

There are bridges on the rivers
  As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
  And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
  Is prettier far than these.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

LITTLE BELL

SOME boys used to think it was smart to stone birds, rob their nests, and shoot the squirrels. The Boy Scouts are a band of boys who fight for the right. They believe it is better to know and to enjoy the birds and squirrels than to harm them. The best boys and girls to-day feel that the happy birds, the frisking squirrels, the sweet-scented flowers, and the glad sunshine are all a part of the child-world. Every child feels that these are a part of his glad free heart and he loves them. In this poem, Little Bell with bright eyes and golden hair was a little sister to the blackbird and the squirrel, and the blackbird whispered of her kindness to an unseen angel who kept her safe from harm.

LITTLE BELL

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he —
"What's your name? Oh, stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold!"
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks —
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks.
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird —
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And, from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear —
While bold blackbird piped, that all might hear.
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern.
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return!
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away the frisky squirrel hies —
Golden wood lights glancing in his eyes —
And adown the tree,

Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap dropped one by one.
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade.
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare!
Little Bell gave each his honest share;
Ah, the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray.

Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused a while to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That, with happy heart, beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft.
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee."

— *Thomas Westwood.*

NOTES

1. What good things do birds do? Squirrels?
2. Let each member of the class tell what pets he has had and which he likes best?
3. *Bēech′wo͝od sprāy.* A twig, or tiny branch of the beech tree.
4. *Straight unfold* (*strāt ŭn-fōld*). Tell at once.
5. *Bŏn′ny.* Pretty.
6. *Quĭps and wīles.* Pleasing turns and trills.
7. *Gol′den wo͝od lights.* Bright colors of the woods. The squirrel's eyes are sharp and sparkling.

8. *A-down'*. Down.
9. *Crôft*. A small inclosed field. Here the orchard inclosure.
10. Be prepared to pronounce, give meanings of, and use in sentences as here used: pīped, show'ĕr-y, tŏssed, dĭm'pled, frēē'ly, chīld'ĭsh, dĕll, trĭpped, glāde, hā'zel, frŏl'ĭcked, void, fērn, squir'rel, frĭsk'y, hīes, fâre, *h*ŏn'ĕst, twain (twān), bough (bow), *k*nĕlt, pälms, sē-rēne', paused (pôzd).
11. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
    (*a*) Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray.
    (*b*) Pretty maid with showery curls of gold.
    (*c*) Here's the very finest song I know, little Bell.
    (*d*) Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade
    Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade.
    (*e*) By her snow-white cot at close of day
    Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray.

EXERCISES

1. Why did the blackbird want to know Little Bell's name?
2. Why did Little Bell love the blackbird's song?
3. How did the blackbird's song affect Little Bell?
4. Why was not the frisky little squirrel afraid of Little Bell?
5. What did she ask the squirrel to do for her?
6. How did the squirrel answer?
7. Why did Little Bell share her nuts with the blackbird and the squirrel?
8. How did their glad frolicking affect her?
9. Why did the blackbird tell the angel the name of Little Bell?

10. Tell in your own words what the angel said.
11. What "good gifts" came to Little Bell because she loved the birds and the squirrels?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LARCOM: The Brown Thrush.
BRYANT: To a Waterfowl. Robert of Lincoln.
THAXTER: The Sandpiper. Nikolina.
DANA: The Little Beach Bird.
RANDALL: Why the Robin's Breast Was Red.
ALDRICH: The Bluebird.
MILLER: The Bluebird.
KEBLE: All Things Beautiful.
MACDONALD: Little White Lily.
TAYLOR: The Violet.
WORDSWORTH: The Pet Lamb.

TO A BUTTERFLY

Oh, pleasant, pleasant were the days —
The time when, in our childish plays,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly!

A very hunter, did I rush
Upon the prey. With leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush;
But she, God love her, feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

— *Wordsworth.*

THE RAIN SONG

DID you ever cry because the rain kept you from going to a picnic? If you did, it was because you didn't stop to think what the rain really does. To some, rain is merely mud and trouble and dark days. To the poet, rain means drink and life for the roses, and clover, and violets, and daffodils. Read this beautiful poem, and see if it tells you what the rain really means.

THE RAIN SONG *

It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
  Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day
  And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
  But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
  May find a bed and room;

* From *The Gates of Silence*, published by The A. J. Showalter Company and used by the courteous permission of the author.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

FIELDS OF CLOVER BLOOM

A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

— *Robert Loveman.*

NOTES

1. Robert Loveman was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1864, but has spent most of his life in the South. His home is in Dalton, Georgia. He has written *Poems, A Book of Verses, Songs from a Georgia Garden, The Blushful South,* and other books.
2. Tell what games are best to play in-doors on a rainy day.
3. Tell of times you have been disappointed because it rained. Tell of harm that was done because it did not rain.
4. *Buccaneering bee* (*bŭc-cȧ-nēer′ĭng*). A bee who robs flowers like a pirate, or sea robber.
5. *A health* (*hĕlth*). A wish of health and happiness.
6. *A fig.* The value of a fig, or practically nothing, as in "I don't care a fig for it."
7. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: daffodils (dăf′ô-dilz), dĭm′pled (p'ld), ĕn-gŭlf′, clō′vĕr, vī′ô-lĕts.
8. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) In every dimpled drop I see
   Wild flowers on the hills.
   (*b*) It's raining roses down.
   (*c*) Where every buccaneering bee
   May find a bed and room.
   (*d*) A fig for him who frets!

EXERCISES

1. Why does the poet say "It's raining daffodils"?
2. How can he see in every drop wild flowers on the hills?
3. What is a buccaneering bee?
4. What does "bed and room" mean here?
5. Why does the poet rejoice with those who are happy?
6. Why does he say, "A fig for him who frets!"?
7. What does the poet mean by saying that it's raining roses, and violets, and daffodils, and clover bloom?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LONGFELLOW: The Rainy Day.
JACKSON: March. May.
THAXTER: April. Spring.
HEMANS: The Voice of Spring.
TABB: The Rain-pool.
HOWITT: April.
COLTON: Rain Drops.
RILEY: A Sudden Shower.

LONGFELLOW'S LOVE FOR THE CHILDREN

Awake, he loved their voices,
And wove them into his rhyme:
And the music of their laughter
Was with him all the time.

Though he knew the tongues of nations,
And their meanings all were dear,
The prattle and lisp of a little child
Was the sweetest for him to hear.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE GRAPEVINE SWING

EVERY boy and girl likes to hear father tell what he did when he was a little boy, or mother tell what she did when she was a little girl. Children never tire of hearing their parents tell these stories, especially if the stories are of shouting, and romping, and play. Every boy or girl wants to grow up, and wants to know what grown persons enjoy. In the following poem, the poet tells all the children of the land what he liked best when he was a boy. The song has become one of the most popular folk-songs of the country.

THE GRAPEVINE SWING *

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue;
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long slim loop I'd spring,
With brown feet bare, and a hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.

* Used by the courteous permission of the author.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out — o'er the water lilies bonnie and bright,
Back — to the moss-grown trees;
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As a wild rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking bird joined in my reckless glee,
I longed for no angel's wing,
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing —
Oh, to be a boy
With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing!

I'm weary at noon, I'm weary at night,
I'm fretted and sore of heart,
And care is sowing my locks with white
As I wend through the fevered mart.
I'm tired of the world with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing,
I'd barter it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I would I were away
From the world to-day,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

— *Samuel Minturn Peck.*

NOTES

1. Samuel Minturn Peck was born in 1854 in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where he still lives. His best known volumes of poems are *Cap and Bells*, and *Fair Women of To-day*. His best known song is *The Grapevine Swing*.
2. Tell of the things your parents or other grown persons liked best when they were children.
3. Tell of all the kinds of swings you have known. Tell of any persons who have swung in a grapevine swing.
4. *Plantation* (*plăn-tā′shun*). In the southern states, a large farm, or estate, cultivated by laborers living upon it, as a cotton plantation.
5. *Bayou* (*bī′o͞o*). A name given in the southern states to an inlet, or arm of water, from a gulf, lake, or large river.
6. *Bonnie* (*bŏn′ĭ*). Beautiful.
7. *Rĕck′lĕss glee.* Complete happiness. Joy that cares for nothing else.
8. *Frĕt′tĕd.* Vexed, irritated.
9. *Fē′vêred märt.* Market where people are excited with trading and money making.
10. *Prīde and pŏmp.* Love of vain earthly display.
11. *Bär′têr.* Trade.

12. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of as here used, and use in sentences: crē-ā′tion (shŭn), ärch′ĭng, loop, grāpe′vīne, swĭng′ĭng, laughing (läf′ĭng), sigh (sī), shout′ĕd, tossed (töst), mŏck′ĭng bird, wĕnd, rŏmp.
13. Read slowly and distinctly:
    (*a*) When I was a boy on the old plantation,
    Down by the deep bayou.
    (*b*) I dream and sigh
    For the days gone by
    Swinging in the grapevine swing.
    (*c*) The mocking bird joined in my reckless glee.
    (*d*) I'm tired of the world with its pride and pomp.
    (*e*) I would I were away
    From the world to-day
    Swinging in the grapevine swing.

EXERCISES

1. Who is speaking in the poem?
2. Where did the speaker live as a boy?
3. What did he best like to do as a boy?
4. Why did he "dream and sigh for the days gone by"?
5. What do the words "out" and "back" show?
6. What tells how happy the speaker was as a boy?
7. Why did he long for no angel's wing?
8. Why did he when swinging seem as near heaven as he wanted to be?
9. Compare the speaker's present experiences with those of his boyhood.
10. Why does fame now seem to him to be "a worthless thing"?
11. Explain "I would I were away from the world to-day."
12. What in your own experience does this poem call to mind?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

STEVENSON: The Swing.
LONGFELLOW: The Children's Hour.
CRANE: Boy Wanted.
RILEY: The Circus-Day Parade.
CARY: An Order for a Picture.
WHITTIER: In School Days.
BUMSTEAD: The Quest.
HAWTHORNE: The Paradise of Children.
MOORE: My Lost Youth.

PASS IT ON

Have you had a kindness shown?
  Pass it on!
'T was not given for thee alone,
  Pass it on!
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears —
  Pass it on!

— *Henry Burton.*

MAKE THE WORLD BRIGHT

Be a little sunbeam true,
  A welcome ray of light,
And try in all you say and do
  To make the world more bright.

— *Anonymous.*

RUMPEL–STILTS–KIN

HERE is an old story of a poor miller who was so proud of his beautiful daughter that he boasted to the king that his daughter could spin straw into gold. The king ordered the daughter to be brought to the palace and placed her in a large room filled with straw. He then told her that if by morning she had not spun the straw into gold, she must die. She never heard of spinning straw into gold before. How well she succeeded, how she became a queen, and how later she saved her little child by a clever trick, are all told in this old tale.

RUMPEL–STILTS–KIN

Once upon a time there was a miller who had a very beautiful daughter. She was so beautiful and so clever, that he was always boasting about her loveliness and the wonderful things she could do.

One day the miller had to go to the king's palace, and as he wanted to appear very important, he said to the king, "I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold."

"Indeed," said the king, "that pleases me

well. Bring your daughter to the palace at once that I may see what she can do."

The miller began to wish that he had not boasted quite so much, but he had to do as the king commanded. So he took his daughter up to the palace, and as soon as the king saw her, he led her into a large room filled with straw.

There he gave her a stool and a spinning wheel, and said, "Now see how quickly you can spin this straw into gold. I shall come back to-morrow morning, and if it is not done then, I shall give orders that you are to be put to death."

The poor maiden sat and wept. She had never heard of such a thing as spinning straw into gold, and to save her life she could not think how it was to be done. She wept till she could scarcely see; then suddenly she heard a door creak, and a funny little man came hopping into the room.

"What are you crying about?" he asked. "You will spoil your pretty eyes if you do not stop. Tell me what is the matter, and I will try to help you."

"O, sir," said the maiden, "the king has ordered me to spin all this straw into gold before to-morrow morning. If it is not done I shall lose my life, and I don't even know how to begin."

"What will you give me if I spin it for you?" asked the little man.

"I will give you my beautiful necklace," answered the maiden gladly.

Then the dwarf sat down at the spinning wheel and began to spin. Whir, whir! went the straw, and out it came in shining threads, till all the straw was gone and the gold thread lay in a glistening heap.

"Good-bye," said the little man, bowing and taking the necklace. Before the miller's daughter could say "Thank you," he had hopped out of the room.

The next morning the king came very early to see if the straw was really turned into gold. He could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the shining pile, but it only made him want more. He led the maiden away quickly to another room, bigger than the first and also filled with straw, and told her that she must spin that into gold too.

"And if it is not done by to-morrow morning, you will know what to expect," he said.

This was really very hard, just when the poor girl thought her life was saved. She sat down by the spinning wheel and began to weep more bitterly than ever, for though she had watched the little dwarf spinning the straw, she did not know at all how it was turned into gold.

But the moment she began to weep, the door flew open again and the little man came hopping in just as he had done the day before.

"Come, come," he said, "no more tears! What will you give me if I help you again?"

"I will give you my diamond ring," said the maiden joyfully. And again the dwarf sat down at the spinning wheel, and again the wheel went whizzing round and round till all the straw was spun into gold.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried the maiden. But he was gone before she could say another word.

The king's eyes sparkled with pleasure when he came next morning and saw the large pile of gold.

"This is really a wonderfully clever little maiden," he said to himself.

Then he took her to a still larger room filled with straw, and smiling kindly at her, he said, "If you can spin all this straw into gold before to-morrow morning, I will marry you and you shall be queen." He felt sure he would never find a richer or more beautiful wife in the whole world.

The king had not been gone more than a moment when in hopped the dwarf again, and you may be sure the miller's daughter was very glad to see him.

"What will you give me this time, if I do your work for you?" asked the little man.

Now the maiden had nothing more to give and did not know what to do. But the dwarf thought of a plan.

"You can make me a promise," he said. "When you are queen, and your first little baby is born, you shall give it to me."

The poor maiden thought there was very little chance of her ever being queen, so she promised at once, caring only about how she might save her life.

Then the dwarf spun the straw into gold, and the golden pile was so high that it reached the ceiling.

The next morning the king came as usual and was so pleased with the gold and the beauty of the maiden, that he began to prepare at once for the wedding. He gave her the most beautiful clothes and shining jewels, and they drove away together in a golden coach to church and were married without delay.

The queen was now so happy that she forgot all her troubles, and never once thought of the promise which she had made to the dwarf. And as time went on a beautiful little baby was born and the queen was happier than ever.

"I shall never know what it is to be sad again," she said, as she held the baby close in her arms.

But at that very moment a door creaked, and looking up, the queen saw the same little dwarf come hopping in, just as he had done when he had come to spin the straw into gold.

"What do you want?" asked the queen, holding her baby more tightly, and looking at the dwarf with frightened eyes.

"I want the baby," answered the little man. "Have you forgotten your promise?"

Then the poor queen remembered how she had said she would give her first little baby to the dwarf, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, take anything else, only leave me my baby!" she cried. And she wept so bitterly that the dwarf was quite sorry for her. He had a kind heart, and he thought he would give the queen one more chance.

"If you can find out what my name is in three days, you shall keep your child," he said. Then he hopped quickly away.

The queen could not sleep that night, but lay awake thinking of all the names she had ever heard. When the little man came in the morning she began guessing the most difficult names she could think of. But to every name the dwarf answered with a merry grin, "No, that is not my name."

The next day the queen sent messengers over the whole country to collect all the curious names

they could find. When the little man appeared she asked, "Is it Spindleshanks, or Squint-eye, or Bandy-legs?"

"No, it is not!" shouted the little man, laughing.

Then the queen grew anxious, for there was only one day left, and she sent more messengers out to search for fresh names. But the messengers came back and said that they could find no new names.

Only one had a story to tell. He told how he had searched far and near until he came to the wildest part of a dark mountain. There, on the edge of a pine forest, he had come upon a little man dancing and shouting in front of a tiny red-roofed cottage. The little man had been baking, and he had a tray of loaves on his head. The loaves bounced up and down as he danced and sang:

"Merrily the feast I'll make,
To-day I brew, to-night I bake!
Merrily I'll dance and sing,
The next day will a stranger bring;
Little does my lady dream
Rumpel-Stilts-Kin is my name."

Then the queen clapped her hands with joy, for she was sure the little man was no other than the dwarf who was coming to take away her baby.

Very early next morning the dwarf arrived and hopped into the queen's room. He had brought a soft white blanket to wrap the baby in, for he was kind-hearted and did not want it to catch cold.

So he spread out the blanket and turned to the queen, saying gayly, "Well, have you guessed my name?"

The queen was smiling, too, but she pretended she was still trying to guess.

"Is it Conrad?" she asked.

"No, it is not!" shouted the little man gleefully.

"Is it Hal?" she said.

"No, it is not!" cried the little man, hopping around on one leg.

"Is it Tom?" she asked sadly, as if she had come to the end of her questions.

"No, it is not Tom!" laughed the little man, preparing to wrap the baby up in the blanket.

"Then it must be Rumpel-Stilts-Kin!" she cried.

"The witches must have told you! the witches must have told you! Oh, bother the witches!" screamed the little man, dancing with rage and disappointment, as he hopped back to his little cottage, carrying the empty blanket. And the queen never saw Rumpel-Stilts-Kin again.—*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.*

NOTES

1. Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm collected and wrote many of the old German folk-tales. The first English edition of these tales was published by Mr. Edgar Taylor, London, in 1823. This is one of the stories in that early collection.
2. *Rumpel-Stilts-Kin.* Pronounced *rŭm′pĕl-stĭltz′-kĭn.* The name of the little dwarf who helped the miller's daughter.
3. What have you known persons to do that is stranger than weaving straw into gold? A German chemist has at last been able to make food for people from straw.
4. Allow the children to dramatize this selection. Have them select a miller, a miller's daughter, the king, the dwarf, and the messengers, and after they read their parts well, have them act the story.
5. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: clĕv′ĕr, boasting (bōst′ĭng), loveliness (lŭv′lĭ-nĕs), wonderful (wŭn′dĕr-fo͝ol), ĭm-pôr′tănt, spĭn′nĭng, quĭck′ly, maiden (mād′ ′n), scarcely (skârs′lĭ), hŏp′pĭng, dwarf (dwôrf), bĭt′tĕr-lў, dī′ă-mond (mŭnd), whĭz′zĭng, sparkled (spär′kl′d), marry (măr′ĭ), mō′mĕnt, prŏm′ĭse, ceiling (sēl′ĭng), jewels (jū′ĕlz or jo͞o′ĕlz), creaked (crēkt), frightened (frīt′ ′nd), guessing (gĕs′ĭng), messengers (mĕs′ĕn-jĕrs), prê-tĕnd′ĕd, witches (wĭches), bŏth′ĕr, disappointment (dĭs′ă-point′-mĕnt).
6. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) If it is not done then, I shall give orders that you are to be put to death.
   (*b*) Again the wheel went whizzing round and round.

(*c*) The queen was now so happy that she forgot all her troubles.

(*d*) The next day the queen sent messengers over the whole country to collect all the curious names they could find.

(*e*) Little does my lady dream
Rumpel-Stilts-Kin is my name.

EXERCISES

1. What boast did the miller make to the king?
2. What command did the king give?
3. Why did the miller wish he had not made the boast?
4. What was to happen to the miller's daughter if she did not spin the straw into gold?
5. Why did she sit and weep?
6. What did she give the dwarf to do the work?
7. What next task did the king give the maiden?
8. How did she get it done this time?
9. What promise did the king make if she did the third task?
10. What did the dwarf make her promise him before he would work for her?
11. Why did she not want to keep her promise?
12. What would she have to do to keep the baby?
13. What happened when she first tried to guess his name?
14. What happened the second time?
15. How did she finally guess his name?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

GRIMM BROTHERS: The Six Swans. Snow-white and Rose-red. The Gold Children.

ANDERSEN: The Story of a Mother. The Last Pearl.

LONGFELLOW: The Spinning Wheel.

PERRAULT: Cinderella.
MACE: The Necklace of Truth.
BUCKLEY: The Fairy Land of Science.
HAY: The Enchanted Shirt.
DAYRE: Susie's Dream.

MY PART

O brook and breeze and blossom,
And robin on the tree,
You make a joy of duty,
A pride of industry;
Teach me to work as blithely,
With a willing hand and heart:
The world is full of labor,
And I must do my part.

— *Anonymous.*

THE SONG OF THE WHEAT

Back of the bread is the snowy flour;
Back of the flour is the mill;
Back of the mill the growing wheat
Nods on the breezy hill;
Over the wheat is the glowing sun
Ripening the heart of the grain;
Above the sun is the gracious God,
Sending the sunlight and rain.

— *Anonymous.*

THE CIRCUS–DAY PARADE

"THE Circus is coming!" How this glad shout filled all hearts with joy! There were the colored "handbills," the free picture books and the great pictures on the billboards! How the boys turned somersaults, put up trapezes, and rode the horses bareback in the pasture! At last the glad day came. We saw great crowds, the grand band-wagon, the elephants, the ponies, the fine lady riders, and the funny clowns with trick mules. There was the wild confusion of squawkers, red balloons, popcorn venders and crying babies. It was really circus-day, and we were watching the parade!

In Riley's "The Circus-Day Parade," all the circus joys are called to mind. The poet never forgot that he was once a boy. His dearest wish was to make children happy, and this is one of a large number of poems he wrote to give them pleasure.

THE CIRCUS–DAY PARADE *

Oh! the circus-day parade! How the bugles
played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy
manes and neighed,

* From the Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley, copyright 1913, and used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

As the rattle and the rime of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

How the grand band-wagon shone with a splendor all its own,
And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never known!
And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture undefined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes of white and blue
And crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at me and you,
Waved the banners that they bore, as the knights in days of yore,
Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the spangles that they wore!

How the graceless-graceful stride of the elephant was eyed,
And the capers of the little horse that cantered at his side!
How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of their fame,
With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they came.

How the cages jolted past, with each wagon
battened fast,
And the mystery within it only hinted of at last
From the little grated square in the rear, and
nosing there
The snout of some strange animal that sniffed
the outer air!

And, last of all, the clown, making mirth for all
the town,
With his lips curved ever upward and his eye-
brows ever down,
And his chief attention paid to the little mule
that played
A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the
parade.

Oh! the circus-day parade! How the bugles
played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy
manes and neighed,
As the rattle and the rime of the tenor-drum-
mer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody
sublime! — *James Whitcomb Riley.*

NOTES

1. James Whitcomb Riley was born at Greenfield, Indiana, October 7, 1853. He went to the home school until he was sixteen. He first began work as a sign painter. For a while he traveled from place

to place painting signs. Then he joined a traveling company which gave minstrel shows and sold medicine. Later he wrote for the *Indianapolis Journal*, then traveled as a lecturer reading his own poems. He has written many beautiful poems and stories. His child rhymes are favorites everywhere.

2. *Měl′o̤ dy sŭb-līme′.* Heavenly music.
3. *Unconscious căptūre* (*ŭn-kŏn′shŭs*). The boys were so taken with the music and glitter that they lost thought of all else.
4. *Răp′tūre ŭn-dė̆-fīned′.* Joy which could not be explained.
5. *Battened* (*băt′ 'nd*). Closed tightly with boards.
6. *Played a tăt-to͞o.* The little mule struck the dashboard with his heels as if beating a drum.
7. *Tame to the plaudits of their fame.* Paying no attention to those who admired and praised them.
8. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: pȧ-rāde′, būgles, flŏs′sy, glŏs′sy, neighed (nād), rīme, tenor-drummer (tĕn′ẽr drŭm′ẽr), splĕn′dor (dẽr), glittered (glĭt′ẽrd), plūmes, crimson (krĭm′z'n), pûr′ple, knights (nītz), glistened (glĭst′ 'nd), spangles (spăŋ′g'lz), elephant (ĕl′ė̆ fănt), cā′pẽrs, cantered (căn′tẽrd), shăm′blĭng, plaudits (plôd′ĭts), lĭst′lĕss, măs-tĭ-cāt′ing, mўs′tẽr-ў, curved (cûrv′ 'd).
9. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) How the bugles played and played!
   (*b*) How the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed.
   (*c*) And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,
   Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture undefined!

(*d*) How the cages jolted past, with each wagon battened fast.

(*e*) And his chief attention paid to the little mule that played
A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the parade.

EXERCISES

1. What are the most interesting things in the circus-day parade?
2. Explain "hungry hearts"?
3. What was the "melody sublime"?
4. Describe the band wagon.
5. Tell how the boys felt as they marched behind.
6. How were they captured?
7. Tell how the horsemen looked to the boys.
8. Tell of the animals in the parade.
9. Explain "tame to the plaudits of their fame."
10. What was the mystery about each wagon?
11. What hinted of what was in the closed wagons?
12. Describe the clown and his mule.
13. Tell of the most interesting things you have seen at the circus.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

RILEY: The Old Swimming Hole. No Boy Knows. The Raggedy-Man.
HOGG: A Boy's Song.
WHITE: Court of Boyville.
WHITTIER: The Barefoot Boy.
LONGFELLOW: The Children's Hour.
WARNER: Being a Boy.
ANDERSEN: The Naughty Boy.
VAN DYKE: The Ruby Crowned Knight.
CHILD: The Boy's Heaven.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

THIS is one of the most popular and one of the very finest of all the tales written by that prince of story-tellers, Hans Christian Andersen. Every one who has ever felt awkward or out of place, or who has been looked down upon by others, can fully appreciate this tale. The vivid pictures, the striking incidents, the quick turns, and the series of surprises, give this story real charm, and make us follow the career of "The Ugly Duckling" with intense

THE UGLY DUCKLING

interest. Read this story and see whether or not the "Duckling" was "Ugly" after all.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

I. THE NEST

It was summer time and very beautiful in the country. The wheat fields were yellow, the oats were green, and hay was stacked up in the green meadows, and the stork went about on his long red legs and chattered Egyptian, for this was the language he had learned from his mother.

In a sunny spot stood an old farmhouse, and near the house there was a deep canal. Between the house and the water grew great burdocks, so high that the children could stand upright under the tallest of them. It was just as wild there as in the deepest wood.

In this cool and quiet place, a Duck sat on her nest, waiting for the eggs to hatch. She had been there a long time and was getting restless. It was lonesome work, for there were few visitors. The other ducks preferred the gay, noisy crowds on the canal to a quiet gabble under the burdocks.

At last, one eggshell cracked and broke open; then another and another. Click! Click! Every egg was alive. "Peep, peep," cried the ducklings, and stuck out their little heads.

"Quack, quack!" said the Duck, as the young things came waddling out into the world. They peered about under the green leaves, and the Mother Duck let them look as long as they liked, for green is good for the eyes.

"How wide the world is!" said the young ones; and the burdock world was certainly wider than the eggshell world from which they had just come.

"D'ye think this is all the world?" said Mother Duck. "Why, the world stretches far beyond the garden, quite to the other side of the pastor's field; but I have never been so far.

"Are you all here?" said she, rising from the nest. "No, not all; the largest egg is still there. How long is this to last? I am really tired of it." And she sat down again.

II. THE OLD DUCK'S VISIT

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old Duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"It goes pretty slowly with this one egg," said the Mother Duck. "It will never hatch, I fear. Only look at the others now. Aren't they the prettiest ducks you ever saw? They all resemble their father, the rogue! He has never been near me the whole time."

"Let me see the egg that will not hatch," said the visitor. "It is a turkey's egg,— of that

you may be certain. I was once cheated myself. The trouble I had with those young turkeys! For turkeys, young and old, are afraid of the water. If you will believe me, not one of them would venture in. I quacked and I clacked, but it was of no use.

"But let me see the egg. Ah, yes! That is a turkey's egg. Leave it and teach your ducklings to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the Mother Duck. "A day or two more will not do any harm."

"Just as you please," said the old Duck, and away she waddled.

III. THE DUCKLING IS NOT A TURKEY

At last the great egg cracked and broke open. "Peep, peep!" said the young one, and out it tumbled. Oh, how big and ugly it was! The Mother Duck looked at it.

"He is very large for a duckling," said she. "None of the others look like that. I wonder if he is really a young turkey. Well, we shall soon find out. Into the water he shall go, if I have to push him in myself."

The next day, the weather being fine, Mother Duck led her family out into the warm sunshine and down to the canal. Swish! Into the water she went herself. "Quack! quack!" she cried,

and the ducklings plunged in, one after another, in fine style. Their legs went of themselves, and the ugly gray duckling swam as well as any of them.

"That settles it," said the Mother Duck. "He's not a turkey, at any rate. Look how well he uses his legs, and how straight he holds himself! He is my own child. He is really quite handsome, when one looks at him rightly.

"Quack! quack! Now come with me, my children, and I will lead you out into the great world and present you in the duck yard. But keep close to me, or some one may step on you. And beware of the cats."

IV. HE ENTERS THE DUCK YARD

So they waddled into the duck yard. There was a noisy fight going on. Two families were quarreling about an eel's head, and the cat got it after all.

"See, my children, such is the way of the world," said the Mother Duck. And she wiped her bill, for she, too, was fond of eels.

"Now use your legs," said she. "Keep together and bow to the old Duck you see yonder. She's the grandest of all here. She is of Spanish blood, they say; and look, she has a red rag around her leg; that is something very fine; it is the greatest honor a duck can have.

"Shake yourselves and don't turn in your toes; a well-bred duck turns its toes out — so! Now bend your necks and say 'Quack!' "

And they did so. But the other ducks looked at the newcomers and spoke quite rudely.

"Just look! If there isn't another brood,— as if there were not enough of us already. And what an odd-looking creature that one is! We won't have him about anyway." And one of the ducks flew at him and bit him in the neck.

"Let him alone," said the Mother Duck; "he is not doing any harm."

"No, but he is so big and strange looking," said the Duck who had bitten him; "he must be made to suffer for it."

"Those are pretty children that our good mother has," said the old Duck with the red rag around her leg. "They're all handsome but that one, and he has not turned out very well. I almost wish he could be hatched over again."

"That can't be done, my lady," replied the Mother Duck. "My son is not handsome, it is true, but he is a good child, and swims as well as any of the others; rather better, in fact. When he is older, I think he will be more like the others, and perhaps will not seem so big. He stayed too long in the egg,— that is the trouble." So saying, the good Mother Duck smoothed the

Duckling's neck and stroked his feathers with her bill.

"The others are graceful enough," said the old Duck. "Pray make yourself at home; and if you find an eel's head, you may bring it to me."

So they made themselves at home.

V. HE RUNS AWAY

But the poor Ugly Duckling was bitten and pecked and teased by chickens and ducks alike.

"He is too big and ugly for anything,"— that was what they all said. And the old turkey gobbler, who thought himself an emperor, puffed himself out like a ship in full sail, strutted up to the poor little creature, and gobbled until he was red in the face.

The poor Duckling scarcely knew what to do or where to go. He was quite unhappy. It was not pleasant to look so ugly and to be abused and made fun of by the whole poultry yard.

So it went on the first day, and afterwards it grew worse and worse. The poor Duckling was hunted by every one; even his brothers and sisters treated him unkindly. "The cat catch you, you nasty creature!" they cried. And the mother said, "Ah, if you were only far away!"

And so it was that the Ugly Duckling was bitten by the ducks, pecked by the chickens, gobbled at by the turkey emperor, abused by

his brothers and sisters; and when the girl came to feed the poultry, she kicked him with her foot.

At last he could endure it no longer, so he ran through the hedge. The little birds in the bushes flew up in fear.

"That is because I am so ugly," thought the Duckling. And he shut his eyes, but on he ran. And so he came to a wide moor where there lived some wild ducks. Here he lay the whole night long, and was weary and downcast.

Early in the morning, the wild ducks flew up and caught sight of the newcomer.

"Pray what sort of a creature are you?" they asked; and the little Duckling bowed to each of them as politely as possible. "You are remarkably ugly!" said the Wild Ducks. "But that is nothing to us so long as you do not marry into our family."

Poor thing! He had never thought of marrying. All he asked was to lie among the reeds, and drink some of the swamp water.

There he lay for two whole days. On the third day, there came two wild geese, or rather ganders. They had not been long out of the egg, and that's why they were so saucy.

"Listen, comrade," said one of them. "You're so ugly that I like you. Will you go with us and become a bird of passage? Not

far from here is another moor, where there are some lovely wild geese, as charming creatures as ever said 'Honk!' You've a chance to make your fortune, ugly as you are."

"Bing! Bang!" sounded through the air; and both ganders fell down dead in the reeds, and the water became blood red. "Bing! Bang!" it sounded again, as the whole flock of wild geese flew up from the reeds.

A great hunt was going on. The hunters lay hidden in the tall reeds, and some were even sitting in the branches of the trees far over the water. The blue smoke rose in clouds; and the hunting dogs came — splash, splash!— into the swamp and broke down the reeds on every side.

The poor Duckling was terrified. He turned his head to put it under his wing; and at that very moment there came a frightful great dog, his tongue hanging far out of his mouth and his eyes glaring horribly. The dog put his nose close to the Duckling, showed his sharp teeth, and — splash, splash!— was gone, without hurting him.

"Oh, Heaven be thanked!" sighed the Duckling. "I am so ugly that even a dog will not touch me."

And now he lay quite still, while the shots rattled through the reeds and gun after gun was

fired. At last, late in the day, all was still; but even then the poor thing did not stir; he waited several hours before he looked around, and then hurried away from that terrible moor as fast as he could. A fierce storm came up, but on he ran, through the storm.

VI. THE HEN, THE CAT, AND THE OLD WOMAN

Towards evening the Duckling came to a wretched hut. It was so rickety that it did not itself know which side to fall on; and that's why it stood up. The wind blew worse and worse. The Duckling had to sit down to keep from blowing away. Then he noticed that the door of the hut hung so slanting that he could slip under it. So under it he crept, out of the storm.

In the hut lived an old woman with her Cat and her Hen. And the Cat, whom she called Sonnie, could arch his back and purr, he could even give out sparks. But for that one had to stroke his fur the wrong way. The Hen had quite small, short legs, and therefore she was called Chicabiddy Shortshanks; she laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning they noticed at once the strange visitor, and the Cat began to mew and the Hen to cluck.

"What's this?" said the woman, and looked around. But she could not see well, and there-

fore she thought the Duckling was a fat duck that had strayed. "This is a rare prize!" she said. "Now I shall have duck's eggs."

And so the Duckling was taken on trial for three weeks, but no eggs came.

Now the Cat was master of the house, and the Hen was mistress, and they always said, "We and the world!" for they thought they were half the world, and by far the better half. It seemed to the Duckling that one might have another opinion; but this the Hen would not allow.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Then you will be good enough to hold your tongue!"

And the Cat said, "Can you curve your back and purr, and give out sparks?"

"No."

"Then you will please have no opinion of your own when sensible folks are speaking!"

And the Duckling sat in the corner and was downcast. Then he began to think of the fresh air and sunshine; and he was seized with such a longing to swim on the water, that he could not help telling the Hen of it.

"What ails you?" cried the Hen. "You have nothing to do, that's why you have these fancies. Lay eggs or purr, and then you will forget them."

"But it is so lovely to swim in the water," said the Duckling; "so fine to feel it go over your head, and to dive down to the bottom!"

"Yes, that's a fine thing, truly," said the Hen. "I think you must be crazy. Ask the Cat if he would like to swim in the water or to dive down. Ask our mistress herself, the old woman; no one in the world knows more than she. Do you think she wants to swim and let the water close above her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the Duckling. "I think I will go out into the wide world."

"The sooner, the better," replied the Hen.

And so the Duckling went away. He swam on the water and dived to the bottom, but he was shunned by every creature because he was so ugly.

VII. HE MEETS THE SWANS

Now came the fall of the year. The leaves in the wood turned yellow and brown, and were caught up and danced about by the wind. The air was very cold. The clouds hung heavy with hail and snow, and on the fence stood the raven, crying, "Croak! Croak!" for mere cold; and the poor little Duckling was lonely and comfortless.

One evening just as the glorious sun was set-

ting, a flock of large beautiful birds rose out of the bushes. The Duckling had never before seen anything so beautiful. Their feathers were dazzling white, and they had long, slender necks; they were swans.

Spreading their great wings, they uttered a strange cry and flew away from that cold region to warmer lands, across the open sea. They mounted so high, so very high, and the Ugly Duckling had such a strange feeling as he watched them.

He turned round and round in the water like a mill wheel, stretched out his neck toward them, and uttered such a loud, strange cry that it almost frightened himself. Oh, he could not forget those beautiful happy birds!

And when he could see them no longer, he dived down to the very bottom, and when he came up, he was quite beside himself. He knew not what the birds were, nor whither they were flying, but he loved them as he had never before loved anything. He did not envy them. How could he think of wishing for such loveliness. He would have been content if only the ducks had let him stay among them — the poor ugly creature!

And the wind grew so cold, so cold! The Duckling had to swim about in the water to keep it from freezing over; but every night the hole

in which he swam about became smaller and smaller, till the Duckling had to use his legs all the time to keep the hole from freezing tight. At last he became worn out, and lay quite still and thus froze fast in the ice.

Early in the morning, a peasant came by and found him there. Taking his wooden shoe, he broke the ice to pieces, and carried the Duckling home to his wife.

There the Duckling came to himself again. The children wanted to play with him, and in his terror he flew up into the milk pan, so that the milk spilled about the room. The good woman screamed and shook her hand in the air, at which the Duckling flew into the meal barrel and out again. What a sight he was! The woman screamed and struck at him with the fire tongs; the children tumbled over one another, as they tried to catch the Duckling; and they laughed and they screamed! Well it was that the door stood open, and the poor creature was able to slip out between the bushes into the newly fallen snow. There he lay, quite worn out.

VIII. THE NEW SWAN

One day he was lying on the moor among the reeds, when the sun began to shine warmly again and the larks to sing. Spring had come again, and the world was very beautiful.

Then all at once the Duckling rose and flapped his wings; they beat the air and bore him stoutly away; and before he knew it, he found himself in a great garden. Oh, here it was beautiful, fresh, and spring-like! Out from the thicket came three glorious white swans; they rustled their wings, and sat lightly on the water. The Duckling knew the splendid creatures, and felt a strange sadness.

"I will swim to them, the royal birds! They will beat me because, ugly as I am, I dare to come near them. But it matters not. Better to be killed by them, than to be chased by ducks, beaten by fowls, kicked by the goose girl, and to suffer hunger in winter."

He flew into the water and swam toward the beautiful swans. They looked at him, and came sailing down upon him with outspread wings.

"Kill me," said the poor creature, and he bent his head down upon the water and waited for death.

But what did he see in the water beneath? His own image! And lo, he was no longer a clumsy dark gray bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but — a swan. And the swans swam around him and stroked him with their beaks.

It matters nothing if one has been born in a duck yard, if one has been hatched from a swan's egg.

Some little children came into the garden. They threw bread and corn into the water; and the youngest cried, "There is a new one!" and the other children shouted, "Yes, a new one has come!" and they clapped their hands and danced about, and ran to their father and mother; bread and cake were thrown into the water for the newcomer, and they all said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all! so young and so handsome!" And the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed and hid his head under his wings, for he did not know what to do; he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He thought of how he had been driven about and mocked and despised. And now he heard them all saying that he was one of the most beautiful of all birds.

Then he rustled his wings, lifted his slender neck, and cried from the depths of his heart,— "I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling."— *Hans Christian Andersen.*

NOTES

1. Tell of times when you felt out of place or when you saw others who seemed to feel awkward and ill at ease.
2. *Dŭck'lĭng.* A little duck.
3. *Egyptian* (*ē-jĭp'shăn*). Here the language spoken by the people of Egypt.

4. *D'ye.* Do you.
5. *Pastor's field (pâs'tẽr).* The shepherd's field.
6. *Of Spanish blood.* From Spanish stock. Of the upper class. A reference to the aristocracy of Spain.
7. *Give out sparks.* Stroking a cat's fur the "wrong" way often causes electric sparks to pass from the fur.
8. *Chĭc'ă-bĭd'dy Shôrt'shănks.* A name applied to the hen on account of her short legs.
9. Be prepared to pronounce correctly, give meanings, and use in sentences of your own: bŭr'dŏck, chăt'-tẽr-ed, lōne'some (sŭm), visitors (vĭz'ĭ-tẽrz), prê-ferred (fŭrd'), waddling (wŏd'lĭng), pēered, resemble (rê-zĕm'b'l), rōgue, vĕn'tūre, yŏn'dẽr, honor (ŏn'ẽr), smo͞othed, pecked (pĕckt), gŏb'blẽr, emperor (ĕm'-pẽr-ẽr), strŭt'tĕd, poultry (pōl'trĭ), newcomer (nū'kŭm'ẽr), pōl-līte'ly, rē-märk'ă-blў, păs'sage, swamp (swômp), mo͞or, terrified (tĕr'ĭ-fīd), glâr'ĭng, hŏr'rĭ-bly, wretched (rĕch'ĕd), rĭck'ĕt-ў, slănt'ĭng, curve (kûrv), sĕn'sĭ-ble, seized (sēzd), fancies (făn'sĭz), crazy (krā'zĭ), shunned (shŭnd), com-fortless (kŭm'fẽrt-les), dăz'zlĭng, peasant (pĕz'-ănt), stout'ly, thĭck'ĕt, mocked (mŏkt), despised (dê-spīzd').
10. Articulation and pronunciation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
    (*a*) "Quack, quack!" said the Duck as the young things came waddling out into the world.
    (*b*) "Let me see the egg that will not hatch," said the visitor.
    (*c*) She has a red rag around her leg.
    (*d*) They're all handsome but that one, and he has not turned out very well.

(*e*) The Ugly Duckling was bitten by the ducks, pecked by the chickens, and gobbled at by the turkey emperor.

(*f*) You're so ugly that I like you.

(*g*) Better to be killed by them, than to be chased by ducks, beaten by fowls, kicked by the goose girl, and to suffer hunger in winter.

(*h*) I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling.

EXERCISES

1. What scene is given at the beginning of the story?
2. What trouble was the mother duck having?
3. What kind of duck hatched from the great egg?
4. How did the mother make sure it was not a turkey?
5. Why did the mother think this duck was not like the others?
6. What caused the Ugly Duckling to run away?
7. How did the wild ducks and wild geese treat him?
8. Tell of his narrow escapes.
9. Why was the old woman displeased with the Ugly Duckling?
10. Why was he so happy at the sight of "those beautiful happy birds"?
11. How was he saved from freezing?
12. What great discovery did he make?
13. Tell how he came to know what he was.
14. Why did the old swans bow their heads before him?
15. What did the children think of him?
16. Explain "he was so happy, and yet not at all proud."
17. If this Duckling were a person what kind of person would he be?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ANDERSEN: The Brave Tin Soldier. The Flying Trunk. The Little Mermaid. The Storks.
STOWE: The Hen that Hatched Ducks.
GRIMM BROTHERS: The Golden Goose. The Blue Light. The Golden Bird.
PERRAULT: Cinderella.
ÆSOP: Dog and His Shadow. The Envious Man and the Covetous Cuckoo. Hedge-Sparrow, and Owl.
POULSSON: The Lost Chicken.
SEWELL: Black Beauty.
SAUNDERS: Beautiful Joe.

DUTY

I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

— *Anonymous.*

HUMILITY

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest.
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

— *James Montgomery.*

VACATION SONG

"HURRAH! School is out!" is the glad shout of the boy or girl who has done the year's work well. This is not because boys and girls do not like to study. They do. But they naturally love best the great schoolroom of forest, stream, and meadow where all the lessons are learned by heart.

The author of this poem has told with delight of the things she most loves in the great vacation school of nature.

VACATION SONG *

I have closed my books and hidden my slate,
And thrown my satchel across the gate.
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the schoolroom I love the best.

My schoolroom lies on the meadow wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide,
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars;

Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene,
Like showers of gold dust thrown over the green,

*Used by the courteous permission of the author.

And the winds' flying footsteps are traced, as
they pass,
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers, except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows, from a secret place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My school bell rings in the rippling stream,
Which hides itself, like a schoolboy's dream,
Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight.

My schoolmates there are the birds and bees,
And the saucy squirrel, more dull than these,
For he only learns, in all the weeks,
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget,
For wonderful lore do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

Oh, come! oh, come! or we shall be late,
And autumn will fasten the golden gate.
Of all the schoolrooms in east or west
The school of Nature I love the best.

— *Katharine Lee Bates.*

NOTES

1. Katharine Lee Bates is professor of literature in Wellesley College near Boston. She has written many beautiful poems, among them being one now generally loved, "America the Beautiful."
2. What profitable things may children do during vacation?
3. *School of Nature.* Nature is spoken of as a "school" because one can learn so much from a study of birds, flowers, streams, meadows, trees, and sky.
4. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: satchel (săch′ĕl), mŏs′sy, clŭs′tĕrs, gĭld, trāced, sŏr′rĕl, sē′crĕt, rĭp′plĭng, chestnuts (chĕs′nŭts), patient (pā′shĕnt), lōre, ĭm-pärt′, autumn (ô′tŭm).
5. Read slowly and distinctly:
   (*a*) I have closed my books and hidden my slate,
   And thrown my satchel across the gate.
   (*b*) My lessons are written in clouds and trees.
   (*c*) My school bell rings in the rippling stream.
   (*d*) My teacher is patient, and never yet
   A lesson of hers did I once forget.
   (*e*) All her lessons are learned by heart.

EXERCISES

1. What is "the schoolroom I love the best"?
2. What are some of the most charming things in the schoolroom?
3. Explain "the dance of the sorrel," "the dip of the grass."
4. How are lessons written in clouds and trees?
5. Why say "no one whispers, except the breeze"?
6. What is the new school bell?

7. Who are the new schoolmates?
8. Who is the teacher?
9. Why are the lessons not forgotten?
10. Why does the speaker love the school of Nature best?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HOGG: A Boy's Song.
WHITTIER: In School Days. The Barefoot Boy. At School Close.
SHERMAN: Vacation Song. Daisies.
FRANK HUTT: Vacation Time.
TAYLOR: The Way to be Happy.
KEBLE: All Things Beautiful.
WESTWOOD: Little Bell.
BOYLE: The Voice of the Grass.

ONLY ONE MOTHER

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
  Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
  Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
  Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
  But only one mother the wide world over.

—*George Cooper.*

LOIS BURHENN
DYSART
IOWA

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